Over 700,000 Copies Sold Every Week

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE 6d

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

DECEMBER 17, 1949

Our new serial: CROOKED HOUSE
By Agatha Christie

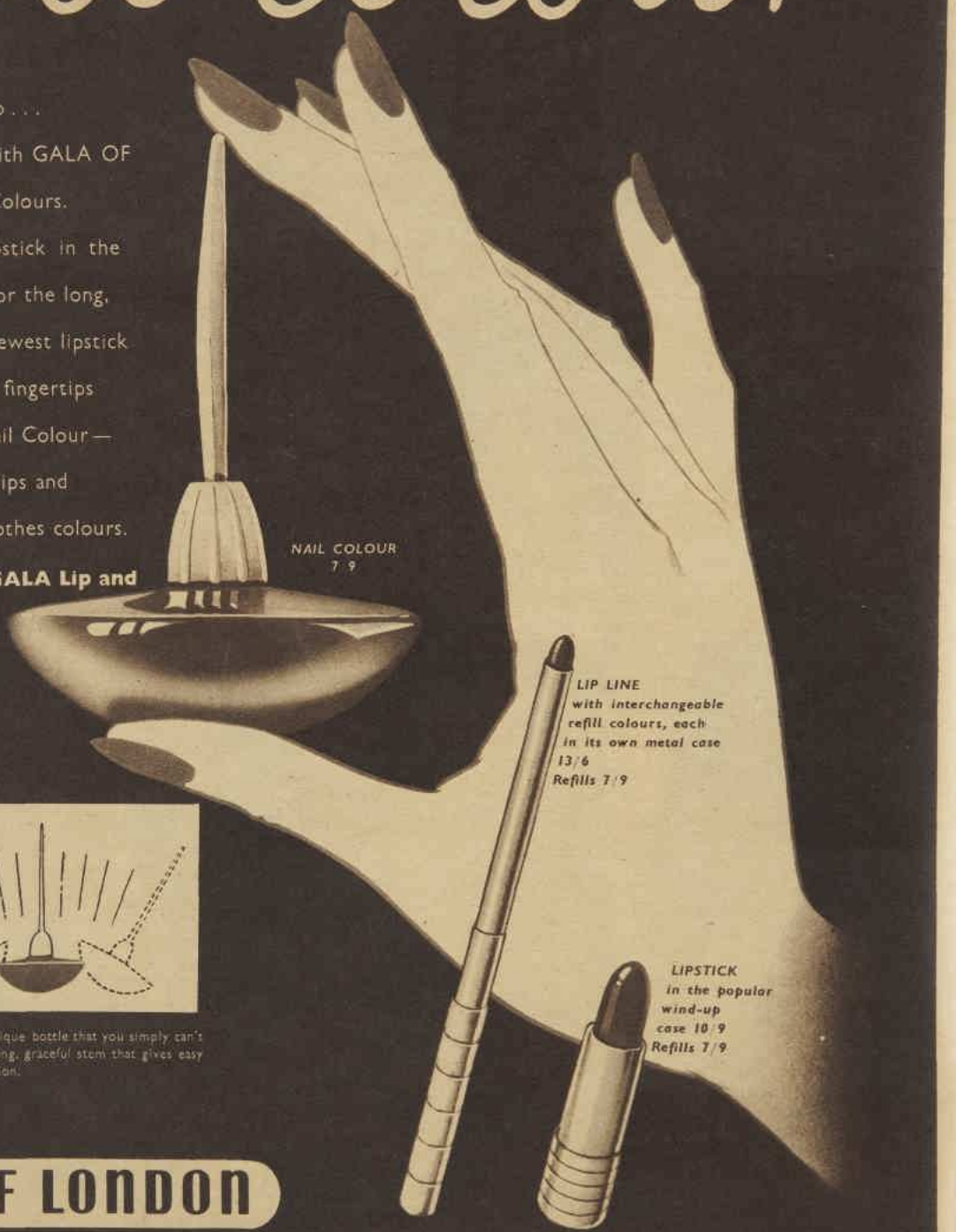
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785085

GALA OF LONDON *PRESENTS*

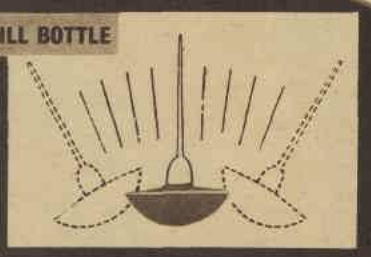
nail colour

Do as smart Londoners do . . . match lips to fingertips with GALA OF LONDON Lip and Nail Colours. Choose either GALA Lipstick in the distinctive wind-up case, or the long, slim, elegant Lip Line — newest lipstick technique. Then tip your fingertips with new jewel-bright Nail Colour — and, of course, key both lips and fingertips to the latest clothes colours.

Remember, there's a GALA Lip and Nail Colour for every fashion shade



NEW NON-SPILL BOTTLE



You'll love this unique bottle that you simply can't spill . . . and the long, graceful stem that gives easy control in application.

GALA OF LONDON

Imported complete from England

AT ALL CHEMISTS & DEPT. STORES. AUSTRALIAN AGENTS: THE SHELDON DRUG CO. PTY. LTD. SYDNEY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785086

FIRST DANCE

"I just can't picture you not being beautiful," Eileen said, looking at the film-star adoringly.

By FLORENCE SOMAN

BILL'S voice was unenthusiastic over the telephone. "I expect your grandmother told you," he said, "that I'm working at Harrison's now. As a matter of fact, that's why I rang. The firm's dance is on the twenty-seventh and I wondered if you'd like to go with me."

Eileen gripped the receiver tightly and stared unseeingly at the pattern of the wall-paper.

"Yes," she said thickly. She cleared her throat. "Yes, that'll be fine. I mean I'd love to go, Bill, th-thanks for asking me."

"That's all right," he said. "Well, I'll get in touch with you before then. So long."

"So long." She carefully replaced the receiver in its cradle, took out her handkerchief and mopped at her hands which were suddenly damp.

I don't believe it, she thought, I just don't believe it.

For a few moments, she remained motionless, then her happiness impelled her to her feet and she began to wander about the room, hugging her thin shoulders.

She moved towards the mirror and her eyes grew critical as she gazed at her reflection. She turned her head slowly from side to side, thrust her face close to the glass for a searching inspection and then backed away for a full figure view. She stood still and her shoulders slumped dejectedly.

I wish I were pretty, she mourned, I wish I had burnished hair and flowing curves.

Her fingers wandered over the thinness of her neck and chest and she gave a jagged little sigh.

Sometimes she dreamed that she had ten pounds of creamy flesh in a pail that she could slap on her body and mould with her hands like a sculptor, adding a little here and there, cushioning bones, filling out hollows, rounding out sweet curves where there was now a boyish spareness.

For a moment she was caught in a clinging mist of sadness, then her joy in the present leaped up within her and she turned and ran from the room. The soft folds of her skirt whirled behind her as she clattered wildly down the hall steps.

"Grandma!" she yelled. "Grandma, where are you?"

Her grandmother's calm voice drifted up from the little greenhouse beside the house and Eileen found her there a moment later, bent over her geraniums.

"Grandma," she said, "that was Bill Severn on the phone! He asked me to his firm's staff dance!"

"I'm not surprised," said Mrs. Mathews, pulling off the dead blossoms and placing them in her cupped apron. "Now we'll have to get you a really pretty dress."

"Oh, yes! The dress . . ." Eileen's eyes were luminous. She leaned back and saw herself on the night of the twenty-seventh, floating in loveliness down the stairs with Bill staring up at her in surprise. "Why, Eileen," she heard him cry, "I never dreamed you could look like that! You're terrific!"

"I wish," she said, "that he really wanted to take me. He only asked me because his mother and father made him."

Mrs. Mathews picked up her watering-can. "I don't believe that for a minute," she said. "He seemed to like you a lot the night he came here for tea."

Eileen watched her grandmother with bemused eyes, and a little inward struggle was reflected on her face. She wanted to believe her grandmother's words but her innate honesty pushed the facts squarely in front of her.

"No, he didn't," she said. "He was just being polite." But a little hope flickered in her mind, took fire and burst into flame. This time . . . yes, this time it was going to be different. She would look her very best, they would be with young people of their own age instead of her grandparents and there would be music, dancing close . . .

She closed her eyes and leaned back with a little sigh of utter felicity.

Bill's parents and Eileen's mother and father had been close friends before Eileen lost them in a car accident five years ago.

Since then, Mr. and Mrs. Severn had remembered her on her birthdays and at Christmas, and then had promised that when Bill came to work in the huge Harrison Engineering works that dominated the town he would take her to the first dance. And this was it.

Please turn to page 4

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785087

LUX

So safe!

Its tiny diamonds give such fast gentle suds . . . keep colours lovely 3 times as long!

THIS season you're going gay — but will Summer's fresh young colours keep their looks? Tests prove they will if you launder them with Lux! Those shimmering little diamonds of Lux burst so quickly into handfuls of safe gentle suds . . . keep colours gay, enchanting . . . hands silky-smooth. Strong soaps and harsh washing methods make precious coloureds old before their time. Safe, gentle Lux keeps them lovely 3 *times as long.*

Don't risk harsh soaps!

Keep your hands soft and petal-smooth. Lux care is gentler.

U.320.WW1-42

First Dance

Continued from page 3

IT might not be Bill's first dance but it was the first dance for Eileen—the first date, really, because you couldn't count that one evening at the pictures with the pimply-faced Evans boy. She never thought of that night without an accompanying swell of humiliation—it had been awful.

But Bill . . . Bill Severn was tall and big-shouldered and attractive. He had a deep voice and a rather faint, cool smile and there was, about him, an air of ennui and disenchantment that awed Eileen and secretly thrilled her.

During the next three weeks, Eileen fiercely resolved to improve her appearance. She stuffed herself with quantities of fattening food, and went to bed each night with her face smeared with her grandmother's skin-food.

She brushed her hair grimly night and morning, and her face was a matter for grave concern. But the rich sprinkling of freckles across her nose remained undimmed by any cream, her hair continued to straggle dispiritedly, and, worst of all, the quivering marker on the chemist's scales stubbornly refused to go higher.

Her intermittent flashes of gloom, however, were always dispelled immediately by radiant anticipation. There was a misty idea in the back of her mind that, somehow, on the night of the dance, the bloom of glamor would be hers, sheathing her in sudden loveliness.

The dress was bought a week before the dance, and it was an exhausting business. The shops seemed to be full of off-the-shoulder models and these, Eileen realised glumly, were not for her but for those girls more richly endowed by nature.

There was an invariable pang of disappointment when she tried on each dress and gazed at herself in the mirror. Instead of clinging in the right places to her body, they hung in dispirited folds.

When she and her grandmother entered the third shop, her lower lip was trembling. But here, to her deep relief, they found two dresses which seemed to be, in comparison with the others she had tried on, almost exactly right. One was white net with a little collar, a tight basque and a billowing skirt; the other was pale-pink taffeta with a sweetheart neckline.

She suffered agonies of indecision in choosing between them, trying on first one then the other, and wandering back and forth from dressing-room to showroom, her face absorbed and anxious.

Which one would Bill like best? She bit her underlip, tortured with uncertainty, but at last, wearing the pink, she decided. This one, she thought, is more sophisticated.

Once she had made the choice, she adored the dress; it was the most beautiful, the most perfect dress she had ever seen, and she wondered how she could have seriously considered any other.

Every day she practised dancing, and as she swayed dreamily back and forth in her too-short school skirt, her arms outstretched round an imaginary partner, she heard the swell of a sixteen-piece orchestra, felt the swish of the pink silk round her legs.

At school she had always been considered a good dancer, and was always in great demand as a "leader."

Appearance, dancing . . . she checked them off on her fingers. There remained only conversation, and this, too, offered no terrors. She had a quick mind and a good sense of humor, but to be on the safe side she listened in assiduously to the wireless that last week and jotted down those jokes that might add flavor to her conversation on the night of the twenty-seventh.

On one variety programme she heard a boy ask a girl: "Are your eyes worrying you?" "No," said the girl in surprise. And the answer that brought forth a gale of laughter from the invisible audience was: "They're worrying me!"

Eileen rushed to put this down on her list, although she was doubtful whether the girl could, with propriety, say this to the boy. Still, if the occasion arose, it would sound funny and sophisticated.

There was another line, too, which she read in a book where the girl said: "I may not have a face that has launched a thousand ships, but I've sent off a canoe or two in my time."

Two days before the dance, a paragraph in the newspaper caught her eye. It said that the famous British film star, Lynne Tremaine, who was making a personal appearance at the opening of her new film at the Hippodrome on the twenty-seventh, would go on afterwards to the dance in the Empire Hotel which Harrison's were giving for their employees and friends.

To Eileen, this item gave the final and perfect fillip to the evening. "Fancy!" she murmured at the breakfast table, "Lynne Tremaine! At the same dance that I'm going to!"

"Good publicity," said her grandfather in a matter-of-fact voice. "She can do with it, too . . . she's no chicken. Whenever they start going on these personal appearance tours, you know they're beginning to lose their pull at the box-office."

The twenty-fourth, the twenty-fifth became memories, and suddenly it was the twenty-sixth and the night before the dance. Eileen could not sit still. Her body seemed strung with quivering wires which were raw and sensitive to the slightest stimulus.

> ***"Insults are like bad coins; we cannot help their being offered to us, but we need not take them."***
>
> **—C. H. Spurgeon.**

She ate very little dinner and retired to her room, planning to get to sleep early in order to be rested and fresh the next day. But she was too keyed-up to get into bed. Instead she prowled round the room for a while and then went into the bathroom, where she stared moodily at her face in the mirror. Her eyes assessed her complexion, wandered over her features.

At her chin, they stopped in sudden horror. That pink spot, that almost imperceptible swelling . . .

She bent closer and a cold terror squeezed at her heart. It couldn't be, it just couldn't be . . .

But it was. She was getting a pimple on her chin.

Her eyes were stricken as she hunted on the medicine shelf for the jar of zinc ointment, and bitter tears were not far from the surface. But when she had dabbed a blob of white over the offending spot she took heart. Perhaps by to-morrow . . .

She covered her face thickly with skin food, rubbed lotion into her hands, turned out the light, and hopped into bed. For a long time she lay motionless, staring unseeingly out of the window as the fitful moonlight flickered over her.

When she awoke the next morning, it was with the feeling of something wonderful forming, gathering, swelling like an iridescent bubble about to burst. And as her eyes opened and cleared with realisation a flash of happiness stabbed through her.

This was the day.

To Eileen, the very air around her had a shimmering, golden quality all its own, and as she got out of bed and walked towards the mirror she could almost feel it with her fingers, gossamer light and magical.

But as she faced her reflection she knew a sickening dip of despair, for the bright pink spot of inflammation on her chin seemed to leap at her eyes.

It was a wonderful, terrible day. She had her hair set for the first time and gave the hairdresser a picture she had cut out of a magazine. "I want my hair like this," she said.

But when the girl had finished, she was filled with panic as she gazed at the stiff, set fabrication on her head. It's horrible, she thought with a choking bitterness that brought tears to her eyes. I hate it. And when she got home she brushed it until her head ached and not a scrap of the original set remained.

She had vowed that she would not start to get dressed until half-past seven, but at twenty-five minutes past the hour she could not stand it any longer, and started up the stairs. It's beginning, she thought, her eyes radiant; it's beginning now.

She had a bath, manicured her nails, and then gave herself a complicated facial treatment involving steaming towels, creams massaged into her skin, and a final application of cold water. She was frightened when she finished, for her face seemed blotched and inflamed. But this, to her intense relief, soon faded.

Carefully, she went through the long ritual she had rehearsed in her mind for weeks—the slow application of cosmetics, the careful putting on of the precious frock, and the final touches to her hair.

So complicated did her beauty routine prove that she was not ready when Bill called. She hurriedly kissed her grandmother and followed Bill out to his parents' car, borrowed for the night.

On the way to the dance, she had only time to think of how handsome Bill looked in his dinner-jacket, and then they were there.

There were two other couples in their party. While the three girls were adding the final touches to their make-up in the powder-room, Eileen anxiously studied the other two.

Vi was a tiny girl with gamin-like features who wore her hair in a short cut that was somehow right for her face, and her dress, a concoction of brilliantly striped silk skirt and tight off-the-shoulder black blouse, was both daring and arresting.

Norma was blonde and fragile, her hair curling ethereally about her face. In flame-colored satin that revealed every curve of her figure, she was something to catch the eye and stir the pulse, and each languid movement she made proclaimed that she was fully conscious of her powers.

Eileen knew a vague uneasiness as she gazed at herself in the mirror. Did she . . . did she look quite right? Somehow, the former glory of the pink taffeta had faded and she was filled with misgivings.

"Have you ever been out with Bill before?" Vi asked her.

"No, this is the first time," she said brightly. After that, the girls seemed to lose interest in her, chattering about a recent party and a certain "Johnny" who was "divine" and a son of one of the directors. Eileen followed them timidly out of the room into the softly-lighted ballroom, but her heart swelled when she heard the music.

A moment later, she was with Bill, gazing in wonder at the weaving couples who drifted across the polished floor.

"Dance?" asked Bill, the faint smile curling his mouth.

Please turn to page 22

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785088

"Have you ever seen an owl on your bedpost?" Betty asked the judge.

JUSTICE MACGRUDER PRESIDES

By . . . LOUIS PAUL

SURVEYING the group gathered below him, Justice MacGruder asked, "Who represents the complainant?" He stared down from the bench as though he couldn't believe what he saw.

"I do," said a young man. "George B. Jerrold, your Honor."

"What about the respondent?"

"That's me, Judge." Jimmy stood up. "I haven't got a lawyer."

Justice MacGruder's sharp stare lighted upon an individual dressed in a natty pin-stripe suit. "Who are you?"

"Judge," said the individual, "I never come here on my own free will. I'm Homestretch Kelso. I—I run a sort of news service."

"You mean you peddle race-track information," said Justice MacGruder. "You mean you're a tipster, a tout."

Homestretch Kelso flushed indignantly. "Your Honor, I gather and sell authentic information. Anyway, I'm not on trial here. Some badge hands me a subpoena to testify, that's all I know."

He nodded at Jimmy Williams. "How could I figure this character is an Oscar?" he said. "He sails up to me one day and—"

"Never mind," said Justice MacGruder. "James P. Williams."

"Yes, sir."

"You say you're not represented by attorney. Are all your witnesses in court?"

"All except Jack and Harriet. That's Mr. and Mrs. Oberman. I think they're still up in the Canadian Rockies somewhere."

"Bettina Williams," the judge called. "Are your witnesses present?"

The young lady turned to Jerrold. "We're ready, your Honor," her attorney said.

"In view of the youth of the parties involved," said the judge, "I have decided to hear this case in Chambers."

"But, your Honor," cried Jerrold. "I've prepared a brief! I demand that it be held in open court. I want a stenographic record of the proceedings in case I have to make an appeal."

"Are you making a motion?" asked Justice MacGruder.

"Yes, your Honor."

"Motion denied. Do I suspect correctly that this is your first case?"

"Certainly it's his first case," said Jimmy. "He couldn't defend a puppy that got caught going around without a leash. Only somebody like Betty would ever hire him."

"Now, listen—" Jerrold said.

"It's none of your business who I hire," Betty Williams broke in angrily. "George Jerrold is a gentleman, which is something you wouldn't recognise if you saw one."

"We will all repair to my Chambers," Justice MacGruder announced. When they were settled comfortably around the judge's desk, he added, "This hearing will be based on the presentation of facts. I have no intention of listening to interminable arguments. But at the same time I intend to give both parties a fair chance to be heard."

"Your Honor," said Jerrold, "it is an open-and-shut case. My client seeks a decree under Paragraph IX, Section III of the Legislative Statute, which relates to mental cruelty, desertion, intimidation, non-support, and general, all-round incompatibility."

"That's right," said Betty. "He's a brute."

"We propose to show," continued Jerrold, "that the respondent did persistently violate eight of the eleven sections of Paragraph IX, namely—"

"Look, your Honor," said Jimmy. "If I thought she really wanted a divorce, I'd let her have it. But all she wants to do is to get me in here and embarrass me. I ought to know her by now—we've been married nineteen months."

"I assume, then, that you are contesting the action."

"Certainly I'm contesting the action. Gee whiz! Where would you be if you let a woman get a divorce every time she wanted one?"

"Your Honor," said George Jerrold, "may I protest? The respondent's remarks are most irregular."

Homestretch Kelso looked unhappily at his watch. "Your Honor, with all due respect to the court, I sure would like to be out of here in time for the fifth race at Greenmeadow. Can't I testify now and get it over with?"

"The complainant will state her case," ordered the judge. "I have every reason myself to hope that we shall reach a speedy decision. Just tell us in an informal way exactly why you think the court should grant you a decree of divorce."

"Well," said Betty, "it sort of began with Dr. Johnson, this owl!"

"Did you say owl, madam?" Justice MacGruder asked.

"Yes, sir. At first we were very happy. I mean at first. I was in love with Jimmy when I was at school. He was sort of shy. Mostly it was the way his hair grew at the back of his ears. I mean, it wasn't just the hair. It was because he was sort of like a little boy, sort of——"

"If I'm my own attorney," Jimmy interrupted, "how about objecting?"

"Objection overruled. Go on, madam. Tell us why you want a divorce."

"Well, I was trying to work up to this owl. Up to then it had been mostly stray kittens and dogs. As I was telling you, Jimmy is like a little boy, even when he does hold a responsible position as head draftsman for the Harrington Construction Company. We had this little house, and were getting along fine," she sighed.

"The trouble is, he can't look at anything alive without adopting it. I didn't mind the cats and dogs, but the afternoon he came home with a wild owl, I thought that was a little too much."

She pointed a challenging finger at the judge. "Judge MacGruder, did you ever wake up in the middle of the night with an owl sitting on the bedpost staring you in the face?"

"Frankly, no," said the judge.

"It had a broken leg," said Jimmy. "You can't let an owl go round with a broken leg."

"Ask him why he didn't let it go when its leg healed up," said Betty. "Ask him why it had to sleep in the living-room. Ask him why he had to sit up half the night teaching it to do tricks and answer to the name of Dr. Johnson."

The baby that Grandma Stevens was holding in her lap suddenly decided to cry.

"Who's the mother of that child?" demanded Justice MacGruder.

"It's the Oberman baby."

"And who are you?"

"I'm this girl's grandmother, if it's any of your concern," said Grandma Stevens, pointing at Betty.

"Well, take it out of here."

"Your Honor," said George Jerrold, "this is the Oberman baby. I'm afraid its presence is required. It's a witness."

The judge wiped his damp brow with a handkerchief. He looked round helplessly.

Finally Betty came to his rescue. "I'm sorry, your Honor, but we're only at the beginning. I was coming to Consuelo. Jimmy brought her home also."

"Well, you couldn't expect me to leave a helpless child in the street," declared Jimmy.

"I don't see why not," said George Jerrold. "After all, she didn't have a broken leg."

"I object again," said Jimmy. "As my own lawyer, I object to this lawyer injecting himself into my affairs. I think it's illegal for a man to come into court who has a crush on a married woman and help her get a divorce."

"How dare you suggest such a thing?" exclaimed Betty.

"You see what I mean, your Honor?" said Jerrold. "He always had a jealous disposition. You should have seen him the time we ran against each other in the sixty-yard hurdles."

Justice MacGruder, for lack of a gavel, rapped his desk with a bottle of ink. He turned to Jerrold.

"If this wasn't your first case," the judge said, "you'd know that an infant cannot testify in a court of law. However, I will permit you to offer her in evidence if and when the proper time comes. Proceed, madam. You were asking me if I had ever seen an owl sitting on my bedpost and I said no. Continue."

"My husband has one of those peculiar senses of humor—sense of humors—whatever that is," said Betty. "He taught Dr. Johnson to say, 'Boo, boo.' Whenever I'd make a serious statement about anything, Dr. Johnson would go, 'Boo, boo.' He went 'boo-boo' to everybody. I put up with it the best I could, but when he came home one Saturday afternoon with Consuelo, I thought that was going too far."

"Consuelo is the infant?"

"Yes, your Honor. I mean, after all, when I got married I thought it was a kind of a sacred thing. I didn't think my husband was going to walk into the house nineteen months later and present me with a baby, I mean. I'm fond of babies—"

"Your Honor, do I have to keep my mouth shut?" demanded Jimmy.

"You will have ample opportunity to refute this testimony at the proper time," Justice MacGruder said.

"Okay. But I just want to ask how anybody can look into the eyes of a helpless little child like that and not get goose-pimples all over them. Here I was——"

"Well, whose child is it?" asked Justice MacGruder.

"It belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Oberman."

Please turn to page 34

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785089

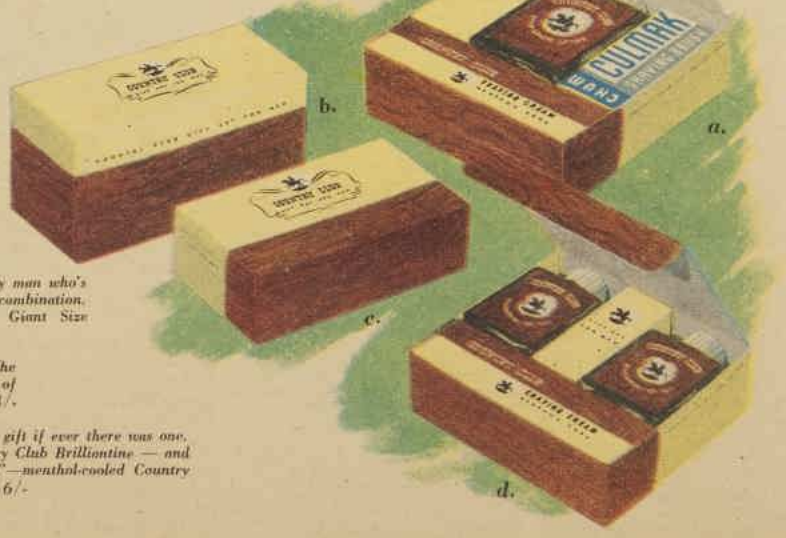
How to be a successful Santa Claus...

Give him

COUNTRY CLUB

TOILET PREPARATIONS FOR MEN

Believe us — there's no shorter cut to being a successful gift-giver than to choose your Christmas gifts from these manly Country Club Toilet Products. You can buy them individually (above) or specially packed for Christmas-giving (below) in attractive gift cartons.



a. *There'll be lots of "good mornings" for the man who receives this complete shaving kit. Country Club Shaving Cream, After Shave Lotion and a Culmak "Chum" Shaving Brush. 12/9*

b. *For the travelling man — or for any man who's going places — here's a practical combination. Country Club Hair Dressing and Giant Size Brushless Shave Cream. 5/-*

c. *Here's double-barrelled shaving comfort for the man on your Christmas shopping list. Two tubes of menthol-cooled Country Club Shaving Cream. 4/-*

d. *A practical Christmas gift if ever there was one. Two bottles of Country Club Brilliantine — and for extra "face value"—menthol-cooled Country Club Shaving Cream. 6/-*

Sold only by Chemists

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785090

A Lot in Common

By . . . Neill G. Wilson

TO JOHN MALCOLM, the house was as good as built. Modernistic, it would be. One-storied. Deep-caved. Of driftwood-finish pine. All studio inside. Built on this lot to make the most of the exciting view.

And the girl to share it with him was as good as built, too. He hadn't actually found her, but his mind's eye had seen her a thousand times. He'd decided upon every detail except the color of her hair.

At moments she was a somewhat disturbing blonde. At others, an entrancing redhead.

Being a man of trained imagination, he sometimes thought of expanding the roof to shield both girls. But from what he knew about life, it wouldn't work. So he finally decided to settle for the redhead; one with grey-green eyes.

John Malcolm was twenty-four. A sensible fellow in spite of his private take-offs into fancy, he had slipped back comfortably into civilian life after three years in the army, and now he was in charge of two small but growing accounts for the advertising firm of Chester, Devers & Kent. He also helped William Devers, an irritable and explosive man, on the huge Topnotch food and beverage campaigns.

This hill that had the enthralling view was nine blocks from the office. Unkempt and unconcerned, it rose above the town's commercial babble. John Malcolm, exploring, had been captivated by its islandlike detachment. If he'd been writing ads for it he'd have raved about its near remoteness, its accessible seclusion.

Only someone with imagination would have thought of tackling that dangling string of wooden steps that rose, behind spaghetti factories and coffee warehouses, flight on flight against the hill's steep, cast face. Not when there was a bus that ascended from the west. John Malcolm, that first day, would probably not have considered the stairs either, if he hadn't just escaped from a nerve-racking couple of hours with Devers.

At the ninety-fifth step, out of breath, and not nearly so wild with Devers any more, he'd looked down on masts and ship funnels and warehouse roofs and cruising sea-gulls. At the two hundred and sixteenth step he'd forgotten Devers entirely.

And then he came upon it. The lot. The last dim thought of the irascible Devers vanished.

The lot wasn't really so much a lot as a finger-grip. The edge of the path simply broke away at this point, and the lot slanted downward sharply, to end in a sort of overhang at the edge of a hundred-foot cliff.

A retired sea captain lived on one side of the lot, and a retired fireman lived on the other. The fireman was at work in his garden. John asked him if he knew the vacant lot's price. The fireman understood it was eight thousand dollars.

John let out a yelp.

The fireman, with a sweep of his pipe, called attention to the view—as if John hadn't seen it. To the miles of docks. The miles of bay. The islands.

"But—eight thousand dollars!" moaned John Malcolm to the retired fireman, whose name was Mr. Riley.

Yet, after that first visit, he returned and returned to this lot. Devers, his boss, unwittingly spurred him to it, because Devers' disposition was running to form overtime lately, and John needed the nine-block walk and the two-hundred-and-sixteen-step climb as a safety valve and a poultice.

Sitting like a lord of the manor upon this lot, first on the wild cucumbers—which stained—and then on the box which Mr. Riley tossed to him, he found how superbly a man could dream.

The house became so sharply real, just by thinking about it, that John Malcolm could almost touch each plank and pane. It had floor-to-ceiling glass walls looking out north, west, and east upon the parade of ships. In this corner he had his typewriter, and novels flowed from it like ticker tape. And over there . . .

That brought up the girl. The one that had finally emerged victoriously, gloriously redheaded—beautiful beyond all the impassioned requirements. Understanding. Amiable. Shapeliness aside, but not too much aside, even a good cook. She kept their home shining, too, but she was much more than a congenial playfellow and clever housewife. She had a career to match his own, was a ballerina or a painter.

He supplied a name for her. Loris. There she was, plying her art or practising her leaps in that corner of the glass-walled studio while he plied his in this . . . Beyond the clear wall was a sun-porch. On pleasant days they dragged mattresses off the couch swings and sun-bathed. At dusk they sat out there and watched the fishing fleet come in.

And before long, Loris wasn't merely waiting to open the front door, but was joining him at the base of the hill. As soon as he put foot to the bottom step, she would appear, wearing, he decided, a swinging brown coat over a youthfully casual green dress; bidding him forget Bill Devers of the cantankerous disposition. Chatting companionably, gravely, merrily. Fitting her mood and hand to his.

So it was with a shock that he, this noonday, found a young woman sitting on his lot when he got there, and the person was not, by any imagining, Loris.

She was a brown-haired individual in a tailored tweed suit. She'd been eating her lunch on what was practically his and Loris' sacred ground. Now she'd tossed the crusts to the birds and, seated on John's wooden box, had a paper on her knee and was aggressively sketching. Her manner was absorbed, yet she didn't look like an artist. She looked like a lady engineer.

A WHISTLE blasted on the roof of the coffee factory below the cliff. The intruder glanced at her wrist watch, crumpled her lunch-paper, buried it tidily under a stone and rose, striking off along the path which led to the bus stop at the summit.

John dug out the scrap of paper the trespasser had stuffed out of sight on his lot. It had been considerate of her to hide the bit of litter. Evidently she was an orderly sort of person. But her case for herself went to pieces when he saw what she'd been drawing. She'd been whacking out the diagram of a building.

Rocked and dismayed, he hailed Mr. Riley, who was working in his vegetable garden. "Has anybody bought this lot?"

"Not that I've heard of."

"I guess it's safe, at that. Eight thousand dollars."

"I understand," informed Mr. Riley, "it's gone up to nine."

There's a justifying substance that comes to a man's dreams if he holds to them hard enough. John Malcolm had returned to the building where Chester, Devers & Kent had offices, and on his emergence into the lobby an hour later with an armful of layouts for Topnotch Foods, he encountered Loris squarely—and she was no figment. She was real. There she was—hair, eyes, and swinging brown coat. Then she brushed by and was in the elevator and its door had shut.

John stared wildly at the indicator, but that didn't tell what floor she was bound for. It stopped nine times. He asked Sam, the doorman, "Who is she?" Sam didn't know.

He thought of waiting till she came down, but that seemed silly. It might be hours. Sam would smirk and wisecrack. And Devers wanted these layouts delivered.

John walked through the revolving door in a bemused state. He went around with it twice, trying to make up his mind. Short of turning in a fire alarm and shaking everyone out of the building, he couldn't think of a way of rediscovering her. But something told him that what was bound to be, would be. Fate would again produce.

At nine the following Monday morning, Fate did. When John entered the offices of Chester Devers & Kent and passed through the general typists' quarters on the way to his own pigeon-hole, Loris was already present. She was installed, lipstick and compact, at the desk lately occupied by Miss Merriam, the most recent of the secretaries to quit with shredded nerves.

The newcomer was beautiful beyond all the specifications. Her hair was authentic copper color; her eyes were grey-green; she was in a soft, artichoke-green dress.

He halted before her, staring. "Hello."

She lifted her eyes.

"I'm John Malcolm," he said.

SMILING, the girl said: "I'm Marjorie Isham, Mr. Devers' new secretary."

Marjorie Isham? Oh, no, she was Loris. She just thought she was Marjorie Isham.

"I work for Mr. Devers, too," he said. She smiled at him, and his knees turned to boiled asparagus. "Well, I suppose we'll have a lot in common, then," she said.

A lot in common. A lot in common! "Loris, Loris," he almost hollered aloud, thinking of that site on the top of a hill, "and what a lot!"

"There's my buzz." She snatched up a book and pencil. "Is Mr. Devers as difficult as he looks?"

"Worse. When he feels good, he only barks. Wait till his ulcers start biting him. Then he really means business." He wanted to add, "But I'll protect you." It didn't seem quite the time. Anyway, she was gone.

John Malcolm went out that noon and visited his lot—their lot—and all the way up the steps a Loris, vivid as never before, seemed to be beside him. Not a vision born of wishful thinking, but the astral self of the actual being that was down in the girls' lunchroom this minute, and entered on the firm's pay roll as Marjorie Isham.

Some of the joy went out of the day, however, when he reached the lot. The crisp young woman in the tailored tweeds was again making herself at home, laying pencil again to paper on her firm, sleek knee.

She glanced up. Her eyes were dark and clear. She spoke. Her voice was pleasant. "I believe I saw you yesterday. Do you own this property?"

He did, in a way of speaking. There were only certain formalities, including nine thousand dollars, temporarily in the way. He replied stiffly, "I have an interest in it."

"Legal or sentimental?"

Again he was aware of the clarity of those dark eyes. He wondered if they always went so unerringly to the heart of things.

She answered her own question. "Your interest is sentimental, unless your name is Penellipezzolo. I looked it up in the lands office. You don't look like a Penellipezzolo."

"I come up here often. I like it here."

"Up all those stairs? I saw you climbing them. You must be bats."

It was extraordinary, how desirous he was of setting this young woman right. Even if she did strew crusts on his lot. Even if she did draw plans on his lot.

"The bus is for those who don't appreciate the view. To get the most out of this hill you must take it on foot."

"You take it—I'll use the bus." She held her sketch out critically and remarked, "Needs more cupboard room and garage space." She seemed to be about twenty-two, and she must have spent about twenty of those years practising to say things with such finality.

He decided to kill off this dragon. Obviously she was the practical sort—her well-made, last-forever tailored suit proved it. Her well-shod feet proved it.

Please turn to page 36

"It's what I've always dreamed of," Marjorie exclaimed, looking at the vacant allotment.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785091

Crooked House

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

To-day's premier mystery writer gives us an intriguing serial of a house at war with itself

I FIRST came to know Sophia Leonides in Egypt towards the end of the war. She held a fairly high administrative post in one of the Foreign Office departments out there.

I knew her first in an official capacity, and I soon appreciated the efficiency that had brought her to the position she held, in spite of her youth (she was at that time just twenty-two).

Besides being extremely easy to look at, she had a clear mind and a dry sense of humor that I found very delightful. We became friends. She was a person whom it was extraordinarily easy to talk to, and we enjoyed our dinners and occasional dances very much.

All this I knew. It was not until I was ordered East at the close of the European war that I knew something else—that I loved Sophia and that I wanted to marry her.

We were dining at Shepheard's when I made this discovery. It did not come to me with any shock of surprise, but more as the recognition of a fact with which I had been long familiar.

I looked at her with new eyes—but I saw what I had already known for a long time. I liked everything I saw. The dark crisp hair that sprang up proudly from her forehead, the vivid blue eyes, the small, square, fighting chin, and the straight nose. I liked the well-cut, light grey tailor-made and the crisp white shirt.

She looked refreshingly English, and that appealed to me strongly after three years without seeing my native land. Nobody, I thought, could be more English—and even as I was thinking exactly that, I suddenly wondered if, in fact, she was, or indeed could be, as English as she looked.

Does the real thing ever have the perfection of a stage performance?

I realised that — much and freely as we had talked together, discussing ideas, our likes and dislikes, the future, our immediate friends and acquaintances—Sophia had never mentioned her home or her family.

She knew all about me (she was, as I have indicated, a good listener), but about her I knew nothing. She had, I supposed, the usual background, but she had never talked about it. And until this moment I had never realised the fact.

Sophia asked me what I was thinking about.

I replied truthfully: "You."

"I see," she said. And she sounded as though she did see.

"We may not meet again for a couple of years," I said. "I don't know when I shall get back to England. But as soon as I do get back, the first thing I shall do will be to come and see you and ask you to marry me."

She took it without batting an eyelash. She sat there, smoking, not looking at me.

For a moment or two I was nervous that she might not understand.

"Listen," I said. "The one thing I'm determined not to do is to ask you to marry me now. That wouldn't work out, anyway. First you might turn me down, and then I'd go off miserable and probably tie up with some ghastly woman just to restore my vanity."

Still she smoked on, not looking at me.

"And if you didn't turn me down what could we do about it?" I went on. "Get married and part at once? Get engaged and settle down to a long waiting period? I couldn't stand your doing that. You might meet someone else and feel bound to be loyal to me. We've been living in a queer, hectic, get-on-with-it-quickly atmosphere. Marriages and love affairs making and breaking all round us."

I looked at her steadily. "I'd like to feel you'd gone home free and independent to look round you and size up the new post-war world and decide what you want out of it. What is between you and me, Sophia, has got to be permanent. I've no use for any other kind of marriage."

"No more have I," said Sophia.

"On the other hand," I said, "I think I'm entitled to let you know how I—well—how I feel."

"But without undue lyrical expression?" murmured Sophia.

"Darling—don't you understand? I've tried not to say I love you——"

She stopped me.

"I do understand, Charles. And I like your funny way of doing things. And you may come and see me when you come back—if you still want to——"

It was my turn to interrupt.

"There's no doubt about that."

"There's always a doubt about everything, Charles. There may always be some incalculable factor that upsets the apple-cart. For one thing, you don't know much about me, do you?"

"I don't even know where you live in England."

"I live at Swinly Dean."

I nodded at the mention of the well-known outer suburb of London, which boasts three excellent golf courses for the city financier.

She added softly in a musing voice: "In a little crooked house . . ."

I must have looked slightly startled, for she seemed amused, and explained by elaborating the quotation:

"'And they all lived together in a little crooked house,'" she said. "That's us. Not really such a little house, either. But definitely crooked—running to gables and half-timbering!"

"Are you one of a large family? Brothers and sisters?"

"One brother, one sister, a mother, a father, an uncle, an aunt by marriage, a grandfather, a great-aunt, and a step-grandmother."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, slightly overwhelmed.

She laughed.

"Of course, we don't normally all live together. The war and blitzes have brought that about—but I don't know."

She frowned reflectively. "Perhaps spiritually the family has always lived together—under my grandfather's eye and protection. He's rather a person, my grandfather. He's over eighty, about four-foot ten, and everybody else looks rather dim beside him."

"He sounds interesting," I said.

"He is interesting. He's a Greek from Smyrna. Aristide Leonides." She added, with a twinkle, "He's extremely rich."

"Will anybody be rich after this is over?"

"My grandfather will," said Sophia with assurance. "No soak-the-rich tactics would have any effect on him. He'd just soak the soakers."

She added thoughtfully, "I wonder if you'll like him?"

"Do you?" I asked.

"Better than anyone in the world," said Sophia.

Please turn to page 39

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785092

Brenda Leonides seemed set apart, an outsider in this turbulent household of ill-assorted relatives.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785093

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785094

Neck and neck in

Last Minute Gift Race

FASHION artist Rene sketches ideas for neckwear that would make charming Christmas gifts and can be run up in no time.

● A very short scarf is the newest suit accessory and an ideal small gift. The one below is made by doubling red-and-white striped satin and fringing it at either end.

● A lovely piece of frothy lace or broderie anglaise, above, gathered on to a narrow black velvet band makes a perfect glamor note for after five over a high-necked frock.

● The old-fashioned locket has been discarded for so long that there are plenty to be had in second-hand shops, and New York has hit on the idea of stringing one on chiffon or a wide pastel-colored satin ribbon to make the scarf necklet, below.

● Narrow, gaily colored neckties with sports shirts, above, are the rage in America. The more sophisticated version for late day parties has clusters of brilliants stitched either end. For the taffeta pussy cat bow, at top, have plenty of material in a gay plaid and whip the edges finely.

● For the friend who loves an extra bit of glamor, make the modern version of grandmother's choker, above, by stitching pearls and rhinestones on flesh-pink net. The necklet, at right, is done by piercing walnuts and stringing them on cord and is perfect with bare-top frocks for any casual wear.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785095

If you love his face, give him a

REMINGTON Electric Shaver

If love means to care for another person's daily happiness, a Remington Electric Shaver is a perfect expression of your love for the man in your life. You see, shaving can be the biggest little nuisance in a man's day and a Remington Electric Shaver turns this nuisance into pleasure . . . it shaves clean, close, smooth and fast. Remington "Foursome" has two highly efficient round shaving heads and, in addition, a twin flat head with two complete shaving surfaces. These, plus Remington's powerful motor, give the "Foursome" four times the shaving power of a single-head shaver.

47-55

REMINGTON BLUE STREAK "FOURSOME" operates on A.C. or D.C. current.

REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVER
Remington Rand

Sole Australian Distributors:
CHARTRES LTD., 169 LIVERPOOL STREET, SYDNEY

NEW! ...a cream deodorant

which safely **STOPS** *under-arm* **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odors from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of an international institute of laundering for being harmless to fabric.

Small jars 1/-; large jars 2/3

ARRID THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

Delightful — to — use

DEFINITELY NOT EXPENSIVE

Boudoir' Brush in Pale Pink, Crystal or Pale Blue Sells at 16/6
Also everywhere the other FORTUNE brush the 'Salon' selling at . . . 15/6

Fortune
MOISTURE RESISTANT PURE NYLON BRISTLES
IN EVERY WAY THE PERFECT HAIR BRUSH

Made especially for and distributed to the wholesale trade by Leader Ltd., Adelaide. Prices are for state of manufacture, prices in distant areas may be slightly higher.

● Blue jeans and a pink-and-white check cotton shirt are worn by Patricia when she relaxes. Red linen sandals have rope soles.

● With a string-colored linen one-piece Patricia wears a coarse straw boater, with spotted veiling, and black accessories. Hat and frock by Juliette Verneuil, of Paris.

● Patricia adores white evening dresses, and this one, by Juliette Verneuil, of Paris, is of coarse linen with embroidery forming a bra-top and shoulder straps. Skirt is narrow.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785096

FAVORITE STYLES

● With Juliette Verneuil's pastel-pink, lime, and grey striped cotton frock, printed with grey coin-spot, Patricia wears a very wide grey patent belt.

● This strapless beach frock of buttercup cotton, with self-buttons, was designed by Patricia, and has a matching bolero. She is tall, five feet eight, has a 22-inch waist.

● Native print in earth-brown, navy, and white makes this American two-piece. The dress has bare shoulders and is worn here with cape stole.

● The very simple after-five dress, at left, is of apple-green hail-spot muslin. The skirt is ballerina length, and the low-cut fitting bodice is finished with narrow shoulder straps.

THE Hon. Patricia Cavendish, daughter of the Countess of Kenmare, who was formerly Enid Lindeman, of Sydney, posed for us in some of her favorite clothes. She is visiting Australia with her mother from their home in the South of France. She likes to wear her sun-bleached hair shoulder-length, has a superb suntan and bright blue eyes. Her formal clothes are designed by Juliette Verneuil, of Paris, and her casuals she designs herself.

Patricia considers cottons and linens an integral part of any summer wardrobe, not only for beach and casual wear, but for city outings.

She thinks the American woman the best dressed in the world, and the Australian the most fashion conscious.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785097

Helena Rubinstein

Suggests, "The Gifts she loves best"

Such a charming way to say "Merry Christmas" . . . with a gift of fairy-like loveliness. Yet once the soft satin ribbons are untied, the gay wrappings of pastel pink, blue and silver striped paper undone, there are revealed enduring mementoes of your Christmas thought. For each item in this galaxy of gift notions is practical as well as lovely . . . each can be used and enjoyed long after the day which prompted the gift is no more than a happy memory.

WHITE FLAME EAU DE PARFUM — Haunting perfume in a flame shaped bottle, 22/6. **WHITE FLAME SPLASH COLOGNE** for more lavish use. Only 9/9.

YOUNG SKIN CARE PACKS: planned for youth, containing Cleansing Cream, Beauty Grains and Foundation. Oily Skin Pack, 16/9, Dry Skin Pack, 18/6. Box Free.

AIR TRAVEL KIT — Perfect carried as handbag or swung over shoulder. Complete with make-up needs. In red, blue, brown, tan, black or beige leather, 155/-.

APPLE BLOSSOM GIFT BOX — filled with Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Body Sachet, Sachet Cologne, Bath Essence, Skin Perfume, all with the lilting scent of Apple Blossoms, 59/1.

3 COLOUR-KEYS TO BEAUTY — the very gift to bring ecstatic "A-a-ahs" from teenage lips. Charm bracelet and beauty gadget in one . . . 3 lipsticks and mirror on a slim chain. 19/6.

BEAUTY CASE — Handsome piece of luggage with space to tuck in a nightie. Complete with make-up and skin care essentials. Red, navy, brown, black, burgundy or tan leather. 124/6.

HEAVENLY GLOW GIFT BOX — Delight your very own angel with this heavenly pastel blue box. Perhaps she'd like Skin Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick and Body Sachet, 34/6.

WEEK-END CASE — she will appreciate the tailored distinction of this case, filled with all beauty needs for week-end jaunts Beige cowhide, 209/-, blue or red, 229/-.

AVAILABLE FROM LEADING STORES AND CHEMISTS THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA OR

helena rubinstein salon (Maria Vadas Pty. Ltd.) 82 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, Tel. M3160

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785098

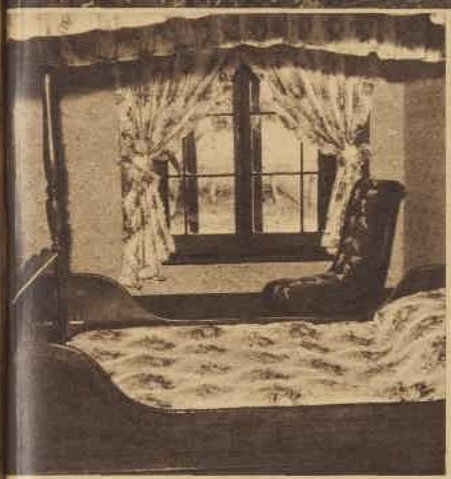
COTTAGE, which was home of Dr. Rawson Penfold, has been made into a museum by his descendants. It has white walls and a grey roof.

COTTAGE AS A MUSEUM

A PICTURESQUE cottage at Magill, in the foothills near Adelaide, which was the home of Dr. Rawson Penfold, originator of Penfolds wines, has been furnished and redecorated in the period of a hundred years ago as a museum piece.

For six months the doctor's descendants, headed by his great-granddaughter, Mrs. Ernest Jolly, have been collecting authentic old pieces, some from among family heirlooms and some from antique shops.

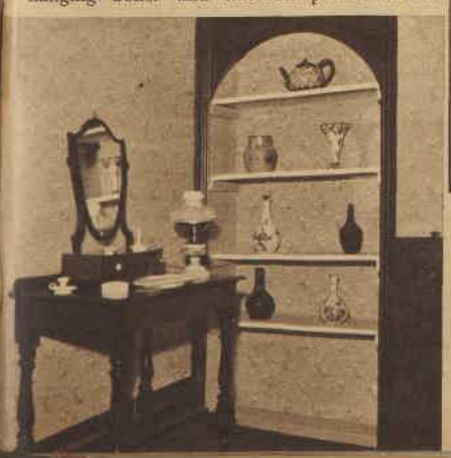
Dr. Rawson Penfold, who arrived from England in 1844, practised in the district and made wine for medicinal purposes.



BEDROOM has turquoise-and-white wallpaper, yellow pine four-poster bed with chintz spread to match curtains; tapestry covers the chair.

KITCHEN has a gleaming copper warming-pan on the wall, old-fashioned range with a hanging boiler and flat-iron placed on it.

ENTRANCE HALL looks on to verandah, has a wrought-iron candlestick on a small cedar table. Wallpaper is tan pin-spot star on a white ground.



ALCOVE in main bedroom houses gay-patterned china and quaint old wine bottles. Sheraton mirror and lovely china oil lamp stand on dressing-table.

They Stay Brighter Longer

ELECTRIC LAMPS

AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC

M7

Representative in Australia for The British Thomson-Houston Company Ltd., England

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785099

If you want to play Santa Claus give a Jantzen

JANTZEN has lifted shorts, shirts and slacks out of "fit-by-a-fluke" fittings . . . and you'll see how Jantzen man-tailors them from finest crease-resisting fabrics—fabrics that *deserve* fine tailoring . . . **They're a joy to be seen in!**
So are the colors! You can put together wonderful Jantzen contrasts between shirts and shorts and slacks because they're all "color harmonisers." Brilliant colors. Soft colors. Prints. Do your own Jantzen color-harmonising at your favourite store.

Her Jantzen shirt
—a sun-top cum shirt—of imported crease-resisting British rayon. Full back opening with pearl buttons. Washable shoulder pads. Price 29/6. In seven colors harmonising with the . . .

. . . nine colors in her Jantzen shorts.
Of imported Moygashel crease-resisting rayon. Look at those patch pockets. Note the wide, substantially-lined waistband and concealed slide fastener. Price 28/-.

There's LASTEX in
Jantzen's new swim suit fabric, SATIN-SLEEK. Satin-Sleek combines Lastex, cotton and finest rayon. Result—girdle control with a glorious satin sheen! 8 vibrant colors in the "Sunsation" suit shown. 45/6.

His Jantzen shorts.
American Hesslein gabardine. Slide fastener in fly. Elasticised waistband at back, adjustable belt ensures perfect fit. 44/-.

What more could a man ask for Christmas?
A girl in a Jantzen—and a pair of Jantzen trunks for himself. Here we show you two styles that most men go for.
Left: "High Waist" half skirt Knitted Wool trunk. 6 colors. Price, 21/6 and 26/-.
Right: "Knock-Out" tailored from Tackle Twill cotton rayon. Price, 32/-.

Be attractive while you're active in

Jantzen
SWIM SUITS — SUNCLOTHES

obtainable only from retail stores.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785100

Mrs. Askey always laughs at husband's jokes

North-country comedian's wife and daughter on tour with him

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

If a small, bouncy-as-a-rubber-ball, red-haired, freckle-faced personality looks up at you through heavy glasses and says, "I thank you," only pronounces it "ay tang yow," you'll know it's topline British stage and screen comedian Arthur Askey.

He is here with his wife and 16-year-old daughter, Anthea, to star in the Lupino musical comedy "The Love Racket," opening at the Tivoli Theatre, Melbourne, December 23.

"MAKE ROOM FOR DAD," pleads Arthur Askey, squeezing in between wife and daughter Anthea.

ALTHOUGH he says he reserves his comedy for the theatre, he is throwing his "several ounces of weight" round in Melbourne, making himself an unforgettable character to lift-girls, telephonists, tram conductors, and the man in the street, with his outbursts of whimsical nonsense.

It's all very homely humor.

"Are you sure you always get your laundry back from this hotel?" sounds a harmless enough inquiry.

But when the question comes from Arthur Askey, hidden somewhere in a crowded elevator, to Australia Hotel lift attendant Joan Dighton, the concern in his voice is so genuine that only the pink flush of embarrassment on Joan's face reveals this is his favorite stock question for raising a laugh at her expense.

To switchgirl operators the "This moment is too big for both of us," expression in his voice, when he says, "This phone should be televised," becomes really funny when you're on his end of the line and see his over-the-wire wooing being abetted by Mrs. Askey, enjoying the "romance" as much as he is.

"I always think Arthur is funny," she said. "But I'm always a good audience for all comedians—I laugh so much they all press free tickets on me."

Sixteen-year-old Anthea, a real chip off the old block, said she laughs the first time she hears a good crack made by her father, but not a second time, unless he's paid her weekly pocket money allowance.

The trio are hearty North-of-Englanders. In their courting days, more than 25 years ago, Arthur and his wife were Liverpool office workers. Arthur developed an urge to take up a stage career when they were engaged.

"FIVE" warns English comedian Arthur Askey during golf practice in his hotel suite.

To make their marriage possible, as his first touring engagement was worth only £6/10/- a week, Mrs. Askey accepted a role as soprano in the same company so as to get rail fares and expenses paid, and to be with her husband.

"I was terrified—I hated the stage and retired to domesticity as soon as we could afford it," she said.

It was just before the war that Arthur Askey hit the jackpot as a comedian, when he and Dickie ("Stinker") Murdoch, now so beloved in B.B.C.'s "Much Binding in the Marsh" feature, got together as a team and presented "Band Waggon." Arthur was publicised as resident comedian to the B.B.C.

"Band Waggon's" success as a Wednesday night feature brought in many letters from clergymen in Scotland, applauding the show, but saying that regular Wednesday night church services had been changed to Thursday because "Band Waggon" competition was proving too strong.

Telephone exchanges throughout the British Isles also reported that Wednesday evening, between 8 and 9, when the session was on the air, was the quietest phone call period in the week.

The Royal Family was reputed to miss a session only rarely. "Band Waggon" cast included such fabulous characters as Arthur's mythical sweetheart, Nausea Bagwash.

She never got as far as the mike, but she raised a tremendous amount of fun trying to make it, then always fainting with a loud thud before the clamoring fans could hear her voice come over the air.

Arthur Askey still laughs himself about the tomfoolery that went on between himself and Dickie Murdoch while trying to bring Nausea round after her microphone vapor. The name was coined on the spur of the moment by Askey and Murdoch, who had been "looking round" for a girl-friend for Arthur on the air.

"A laundry van passed us in the street with 'Diploma Bagwash Company' boldly lettered on its sides. We pounced on 'Diploma Bagwash' as the ideal name for my girl-friend," Arthur said.

"But when we told the B.B.C., they frowned and said that this name would be an advertisement for a laundry—'We can't let you broadcast that.'

"I felt so fed-up I said, 'Oh, you fellows nauseate me.' Dickie and I then looked at each other with glee and exclaimed, 'That's it. We'll call her Nausea Bagwash'."

The British public revelled in the antics of "Band Waggon" personalities. They did the most impossible things, from nailing paper patterns to the floor and then cutting out material, and floor, too, with a saw, to falling into mythical baths, in their mythical flat on the top floor of the B.B.C.

Askey says tall, good-looking Cambridge man Dickie Murdoch is the most engaging person in the world, and even more absent-minded.

"I call him 'Colonel Vague,'" he said. "If you see him at the theatre wearing top hat, tails, and a muffler you'll know he's wearing the scarf because he has forgotten to put on his tie.

"I've seen him perfectly turned out in dinner clothes at a party, but wearing one black patent shoe and one old brown suede brogue. He's delightful."

Mrs. Askey says they haven't been in the phone book at home for years because fans never let up phoning her husband.

"It's purgatory to go shopping with him," she said. "We can't go two yards without people wanting autographs. Even when I go shopping alone I always use the name of a maid who used to be with us, and have things sent to 'Mrs. Cheshire' because if I give my right name shop assistants always want to know about Arthur."

Although public adulation makes life a bit difficult for the Askeys at home, Arthur says he's not blase enough not to get a kick out of it. His big ambition is to capture the Australian public, too.

"I can go round the streets here without anyone recognising me," he marvelled, after his second day in Melbourne.

But this relaxed street wandering of the Askeys is not going to last long if Arthur persists in saying "I thank you" as he bumps his way in and out of Christmas shopping crowds.

Our Cover

OUR cover this week is an imaginative picture by staff artist Keith Dalgleish of the strange house that gives the title to our new serial, "Crooked House," by Agatha Christie.

This dwelling, creation of a fabulously wealthy foreigner, was not just "crooked" in design, but was also sinister in its strange effect on occupants—which forms the theme of a gripping, unusual mystery.

"LOVE RACKET" stars Valerie Tandy (left), Roy Royston, Audrey Jeans, Arthur Askey, Rae Johnson, and Ernest Mazin. Girls play roles of the three wives in musical comedy, which opens at Tivoli Theatre, Melbourne, on December 23.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785101

Editorial

DECEMBER 17, 1949

THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT

A SENSE of rich anticipation is rising above the clamor and exhaustion of Christmas preparations. It's the holiday spirit bubbling up ready for release.

For many workers the Christmas week-end is the beginning of their annual holiday, and for thousands more that brief, glorious freedom is just ahead.

Every worker knows what this yearly break from the inexorable discipline of breadwinning means in terms of spiritual and bodily refreshment.

Holidays should indeed be regarded literally as holy days, too precious to be wasted.

What you want from them depends much on your age. Youth hankers for romance, middle-age for rest. Dad may pine for good fishing and mother to eat meals she didn't cook.

There are no rules to ensure that Jack will meet Jill or the fish will bite, but some obvious holiday mistakes can be avoided.

Don't work yourself to a standstill with unnecessarily elaborate preparations. Clothes aren't as important as that. Don't crowd so much into each day that you're too tired to enjoy half of it.

Try not to add another accident to those which so often cloud the holiday season.

Bathe between the flags; don't swim out too far; don't speed when driving, and persuade your car-owning companions to leave the car at home when going to parties where they mean to have "a few beers."

You can keep your wits about you without taking all the bubble out of the holiday spirit.

The loves of Catherine the Great

FAMOUS WOMEN

CATHERINE the Great of Russia, whose amours were among the most notorious in history, began life in a stern Lutheran household.

She was the Princess Sophie of Anhalt-Zerbst, daughter of a minor German princeling, and took the name of Catherine when she married the German-born Grand Duke Peter, heir to the Russian throne.

The sub-normal Grand Duke Peter was not an attractive husband for a girl of 15, but Sophie was sacrificed to the political ambitions of her mother and the machinations of Frederick the Great of Prussia.

Regarded as a plain girl of no outstanding talent, she was only considered at all because the royal families of Europe refused to provide a bride for the corrupt Russian Court.

Only Sophie's father, the serious-minded but ineffectual Governor of Stettin, opposed the plan. The Empress Elizabeth of Russia, unmarried daughter of Peter the Great, aunt and guardian of Grand Duke Peter, did not invite him to Russia. She knew he would not consent to his daughter's changing her religion to the Russian Orthodox faith.

Sophie, otherwise pliable, resisted the conversion, too, but later submitted. When she arrived, she fell ill. It was believed she might die, and it was suggested that a Lutheran clergyman be brought to her. Gaining consciousness, she demanded an Orthodox priest, thus indicating her consent to conversion.

Though in later life the Empress made light of her conversion, it has been said of her that none of the deeds which later scandalised Europe ever lay one fraction on her conscience as did this betrayal of her faith.

The Grand Duke Peter, a feeble-minded boy of 16 who played with toy soldiers, was far from attractive. Nor was he interested in his prospective bride. The Court physician had warned the Empress Elizabeth that he was not ready for marriage, though well versed in the vice in which the Court abounded.

Nevertheless, the marriage took place on August 25, 1745, in St. Petersburg.

By command of the Empress the fashionable world had to obtain "the richest clothes possible," which were imported from England and Germany.

Sophie, or Catherine, as she was known from the day of her confirmation in the Russian Church, wore a gown of heavy cloth of silver sent from looms in her native Germany. It weighed upon her like a suit of mail.

The nine years following her marriage were the unhappiest of Catherine's life.

For a time she enjoyed a certain loyalty from her husband, whom she learnt to treat as a child, and who gave her a childish gratitude, especially by trying to protect her from the Empress' displeasure when the marriage produced no heir.

The years were not entirely wasted, however, for Catherine studied history and philosophy to fill in the time, and, more important, became thoroughly Russian in outlook.

At the end of the nine years Catherine had matured physically and mentally.

She was tall and slim, with really lovely hair, with which she always took great pains.

Her blue eyes were clear and sparkling with a glint of humor in them. Her features, though not attractive in a feminine sense, were commanding. She had a long chin and a firm jaw.

It was at this time that Catherine took her first lover, a handsome, but undistinguished, young Russian named Sergei Salkitov.

The affair, it has been suggested, was arranged by Catherine's supporters with the idea of providing the son whom marriage had failed to produce.

It began in 1752, but it was not till September, 1754, that she actually became a mother.

Though many people believed the son was Salkitov's, neither the Empress nor the Grand Duke gave any recognition to the rumors.

Certainly the Grand Duke accepted the boy as his heir, and certainly Paul's mental and physical weaknesses seemed to proclaim him a son of the Grand Duke Peter rather than of the virile Salkitov.

The Empress Elizabeth was, in any case, delighted.

From the hour of his birth she swept in to Catherine's apartment and took the baby from her.

A succession of men became her unofficial consorts while she occupied Russian throne

The young Grand Duchess never knew her own child. She saw him only once a week, and an antagonism between mother and son soon developed.

Three weeks after the child's birth, Salkitov was sent to Sweden to announce the event to the Swedish Court, but when he came back his enthusiasm for Catherine had waned and he broke an engagement for a 3 a.m. tryst with her.

Thus ended Catherine's first love affair. It began her amorous career, a career which has been exaggerated to the extent of reports that she had three hundred lovers.

In fact, she had 12 known lovers, if her husband, who scarcely enters the category, is excluded.

Modern psychologists suggest that she really never loved, and was continually seeking the romance and fulfilment which her marriage failed to give her.

CATHERINE OF RUSSIA. In middle and later life she grew enormously fat.

In her memoirs Catherine herself said that it was the failure of her marriage that made her take lovers.

There was in Russia at this time a new English Ambassador, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, who had Catherine's support in political affairs. He was also in love with her. He wrote her impassioned letters, but he is not included in her list of lovers.

It was his secretary, a young Polish nobleman, Count Stanislaus Poniatovsky, who became the Grand Duchess' next lover.

During this alliance Catherine's second child, a daughter, was born, but did not long survive.

Poniatovsky left Poland following an encounter with the Grand Duke, who had found him leaving Catherine's apartment.

Soon after Poniatovsky's departure Sir Charles Williams also left Russia. The grief of his separation from Catherine unhinged his mind. Before reaching England he was declared insane, and within a year committed suicide.

About this time Catherine became involved in a serious political situation. Russia was waging the Seven Years' War with Frederick of Prussia. Just as a Russian victory seemed in sight, the Russian General Apraxin made an unaccountable retreat.

The allies, France and Austria, demanded an inquiry. All investigations led mysteriously back to Catherine, but no real evidence was ever produced against her.

This scandal, as well as the talk of her continual association with foreigners, influenced Catherine in choosing a Russian lover. He was Gregory Orlov with whom she associated for ten years and whose military family was eventually responsible for Catherine's usurping the throne.

A strong opinion had recently grown up concerning the impossibility of Peter as Czar. It was strengthened by his conduct after the death of the Empress on Christmas Day, 1761.

While Peter celebrated his accession to the throne with complete disregard for the respect due to the memory of Elizabeth, Catherine devoted herself to the period of mourning ordained by the Russian Church.

This was convenient to her as she was at the time expecting her third child, the son of Orlov, who became Prince Bobrinsky, and to whom she abandoned all pretence of legitimacy.

For the six months of his reign Peter acted like an irrepressibly naughty child. He issued ridiculous orders and behaved with irresponsible autocracy.

It was rumored that he planned to divorce Catherine and marry his mistress, Elizabeth Vorontsov. He went so far as to insult Catherine at a public dinner, calling her "a fool."

Two months later Catherine's lover, Gregory Orlov, and his four brothers organised a swift, almost bloodless revolution, deposing Peter, and making Catherine Empress.

Catherine herself, on a white charger, wearing uniform as Colonel of the Guard, headed the army which arrested her husband. He was imprisoned under the guard of Alexei Orlov (Gregory's brother) and his soldiers.

A few weeks later news came to Catherine that the deposed Czar had been killed in a drunken brawl. The hand that struck the blow was that of Alexei Orlov. Whether it had happened with Catherine's connivance can never be known.

The beginning of Catherine's reign brought a new era for Russia. She became one of the famous benevolent despots of the period.

Her ambition was peace with Europe in order to remake Russia, and within a few days she had promises of friendship with France, Austria, and Prussia.

Her coronation took place in the Kremlin on September 23, 1762.

On the same day Captain Gregory Orlov became Count Orlov, and was named Adjutant-General, a position which until the Empress' death was subsequently filled by each of her favorites, sometimes with only a day or two's space between them.

Continued on page 23

No equality for women in sport

THERE is no sex equality in sport, declares Babe Didrikson Zaharias, one of the world's best all-round sportswomen.

Women can reach the top in any field of sport—but only among women, she says.

Professor Frank Cotton, lecturer in Physiology at Sydney University, confirms "The Babe's" viewpoint.

Professor Cotton says scientists have proved that women golfers, swimmers, athletes, and tennis players have no hope of equalling records set by men.

"This is because men's muscles contract faster than women's, and chemical reactions in a woman's body are slower than those in a man's," he adds.

"Women come closest to records set by men in sports which require a lot of endurance. Swimming, particularly Channel swimming, is right down their alley."

Whether you agree or disagree with "The Babe" and Professor Cotton, you must read December A.M.'s analysis of this strange inequality of the sexes at sport.

A.M., the top national monthly, is now on sale. Price 1/-.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS

Going away for Xmas? Take Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine with you . . . 1/- at all newsagents.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785102

GUARD OF HONOR. Lieut. John Wheeler, R.A.N., and his bride, formerly Ruth Singleton, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. E. Singleton, of South Yarra and Ringwood Park, Corowa, leave St. John's, Toorak, after their marriage. John is younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. V. Wheeler, of Cremorne.

COUNTRY INTEREST. Toby MacDiarmid and his bride, formerly Jill Younger, leave Shore Chapel after their marriage, with attendants Arthur Eedy, Phyllis Cook, David Younger, and Beverley Keyes. Ruth Waterhouse and Stephen Aboud were also attendants at wedding. Jill is only daughter of Mr. Keith Younger, of Sydney, and the late Mrs. Younger, and Toby is younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Finlay MacDiarmid, of Queanbeyan.

HAPPY PAIR. John Killalea and his bride, formerly Eileen McCann, younger daughter of Mrs. E. M. McCann, of Inverell, and late Mr. McCann, leave St. Mary's Cathedral after marriage. John is elder son of Mrs. P. L. Killalea, of Singleton, and late Mr. Killalea.

NAVAL MAN. Commander Ian McGeoch travels to Australia with his wife to command Fourth Submarine Flotilla at H.M.A.S. Penguin and to train R.A.N., R.N.Z.N., and R.N. men based in Far East in anti-submarine warfare.

Intimate Gossings

WHEN popular young country couple, Rua Robertson, of Toganmin, Hay, and George Osborne, of Kilgowlah, Tarcutta, are married on February 4, precedent will be established at "the pub" when wedding guests are received in the Wintergarden.

Reason is that it's one of the biggest wedding receptions ever to be held at the Australia, and, falling as it does in February, when the mercury usually soars, guests will have the added comfort of the air-conditioning.

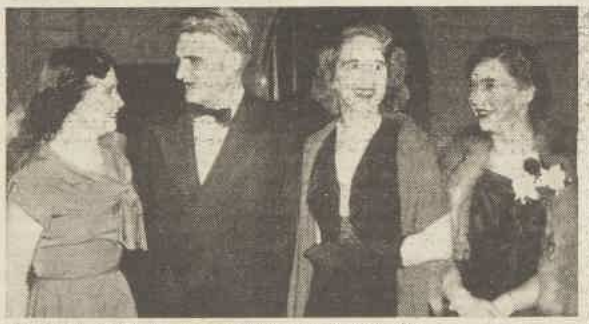
All the men in the wedding party will tower above their partners, as they are all over six feet tall. Bridegroom-to-be is six feet four, and his attendants, Ed. Playfair, Wally Johnson, and Bob Osborne, are all over the six-foot mark. Rua's attendants will be charming young matrons Mrs. Harvey Tonkin, Mrs. Bill MacPhillamy, and Pam Alsopp.

Bride-to-be is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Robertson, of Hay and George is elder son of the George P. Osbornes, of Kilgowlah, Tarcutta. Rua and John will make their future home at Waihemo, Young, after honeymooning in Melbourne.

• • •

PRIZE for noblest effort of festive season should go, I think, to Dr. and Mrs. Adrian Johnson, who entertain at their Sunday party 147 children, their parents, as well as single friends at their home at Mosman.

Parents were able to relax and sip long, cool drinks, served on the lawns, while their children played on the big tennis court and were kept well entertained by a Punch and Judy show and by Charles Beresford in the role of Santa, who distributed gifts to each child. Later afternoon tea was served in reception rooms of house, which were decorated in true Christmas tradition.



FIRST-NIGHTERS Mrs. Charles Walton (left), Mr. Tom Alexander, Mrs. Alexander, and Mrs. Jasper Lloyd in foyer of Minerva Theatre when "Separate Rooms" is presented.

ENGAGED. Austin Wilson and Muffie Allen, who announce their engagement. Muffie is third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Allen, "Dunrobin," Goondiwindi, Queensland, and Austin is only son of Mrs. M. Wilson, Rose Bay, and late Mr. J. A. Wilson.

YOUNG COUPLE. John Cato and his attractive fiancee, Dawn Cadwallader, snapped at home of John's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cato, Elwood, Victoria. Dawn is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rhys Cadwallader, of Sydney, formerly of Melbourne.

FRANKSTON honeymoon at the John Youngs' home for Colonel Don Jackson and his attractive, dark-eyed bride, formerly Anita Urquhart.

Anita is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Angus Urquhart, of Worrough, Seymour.

Don is elder son of Mrs. Jackson, of Elizabeth Bay, and the late Major-General R. E. Jackson. He is chief instructor at School of Tactics and Administration at Seymour.

For wedding at St. John's, Toorak, last week, Anita looked picture in filmy white, knife-pleated, tiered wedding gown. Her attendants, Athol Adams, of Nagambie, Angela McFarlane, South Australia, and Don's sister, Dawn Jackson, from Sydney, wore buttercup-yellow frocks.

Reception was held at South Yarra home of Anita's godmother, Mrs. St. John Scott-Scott. Three hundred guests were entertained in beautifully decorated summer-house in garden, which was almost completely covered by huge marquee.

• • •

HOLIDAY in Sydney for Mrs. Arthur MacKinnon, of "Vaucluse," Tasmania, who brings her baby daughter, Angela, for a few weeks' visit so that she may be introduced to her grandparents, the L. Fyvie Watts, of Killara. Mrs. MacKinnon was formerly Margaret Fyvie Watt before her marriage last year at St. Mark's.

• • •

ENGAGEMENT of country interest is that of Elli Leeds and Ian Cruickshank, of Kirkland, Moree. Ian is elder son of the Allan Cruickshanks, of Popinguy, Moree, and engagement is celebrated at Leeds' home at Moree when Elli's family entertains about a hundred district friends.

WED IN ENGLAND. Lieut. Peter Baillon, South Staffords Regiment, and his bride, formerly Judy Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Moore, of Double Bay, wed at St. James' Church, Spanish Place. Couple honeymoon in Ireland, and are at present living in Wiltshire, England.

LAZING and sunbaking is "must" for members of "Oklahoma!" company on Sundays after strenuous months of playing show in Melbourne and successful trip to Brisbane before coming to Sydney. Carolyn Adair and Louise Barnhart, who stay at Ben Buckler Hotel, are already brightening up their suntan as they are so near to the surf.

Davie Gladstone, who plays Aunt Eller in the show, will forsake the beach on December 18 to renew acquaintance with the P. T. Kavanaghs at Castle Hill. On Davie's first day in Sydney, when she arrived at beginning of year, she was guest at barbecue Kav staged for members of Italian Opera Company. When Mrs. Kavanagh and her daughter, Kay Williams, attended first night of show, they went backstage and sipped champagne with Davie, and made a date for the 18th, when they will wish all their friends "Merry Christmas."

• • •

BRIEFLY: Popular doctors Bruce Smith and his wife, who before recent marriage was Dr. Noreen Maloney, commence practice together in Junee. Noreen is daughter of the J. C. Maloneys, of Emeralda, Junee. Bruce has been resident at St. Vincent's . . . St. Joseph's, Neutral Bay, chosen by Lilian Rougvie and medical student John Hunt. Couple honeymoon at Forster . . . Home in Dunkerry, Thallon, Queensland, for Brian Hill and his bride, formerly Lauris Allitt, who were married recently at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Lauris is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Allitt, of Epping.

Joyce

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785103

Proved by women everywhere

NEW RINSO BEST FOR EVERYTHING

...because there's NEW MAGIC in RINSO's THICKER RICHER SUDS

NEW RINSO IS USED BY MORE WOMEN THAN ANY OTHER WASHING PRODUCT IN THE WORLD

Z.296.WW143

R.N. SUB HERE . . .

Cook makes bread in 110 degrees temperature in galley

By WIN BISSETT, staff reporter

Progress through His Majesty's ship, the 1250-ton submarine Telemachus, is at the rate of one "Excuse me" a second.

The crew of 54 men and five officers bobbed out from doorways, retreated into mess rooms, dived into manholes in order to give me space to walk.

TELEMACHUS had just arrived in Fremantle on the way to Sydney. It is one of three T-class patrol type submarines loaned to Australia by the British government to train air units of the R.A.N. and R.A.A.F. in all phases of anti-submarine warfare.

I was sitting quietly on one of the leather seats of the crew's mess-room when the floor opened beneath my feet and up crawled another member of the crew. I never knew where they would come from next.

Housewives who complain of the size of their kitchen should just have a word with cook Fred Dalley, of Wales. Living in a submarine is a lesson on how economical one can be with space. I certainly expected a much larger oven than the one I accidentally stumbled upon in the alley-way.

As usual, someone wanted to get by, and as I looked around for three inches of free space there were the two electric ovens and four hot-plates in a quiet retreat behind a two-foot triangle of white tiles.

Cook Dalley said: "I must admit it is hard, but you get used to it after a while.

"The biggest trouble is in rough seas, when the boiling fat is apt to spill over the sides of the baking-dish. If it is too rough we cannot cook at all, and have to fall back on corned beef.

"I've also noticed," he added, with a look out of the corner of his eye, "that when it is too rough the men do not want to eat. They come off duty and just want to sleep. Mind you, I'm not suggesting they feel seasick," he added.

First Lieutenant Pardoe was listening to this conversation, and joined in with: "Chef makes jolly good bread. You want to ask him about that."

So Chef Dalley took me along to the bread-mixer, a square, box-shaped implement, where he made 50 to 60 pounds of bread a day, and which was, he informed me, scrubbed four times daily.

"The trouble with making bread," he said, "is that the water should not be more than 66 degrees, and sometimes it is over 90 in the sub-marine.

ONLY NEW ZEALANDER on board, Leading Seaman G. A. Clegg, of Wellington, scrubs the control room deck.

"I have to put it into the freezer to cool before I can mix the flour and the water."

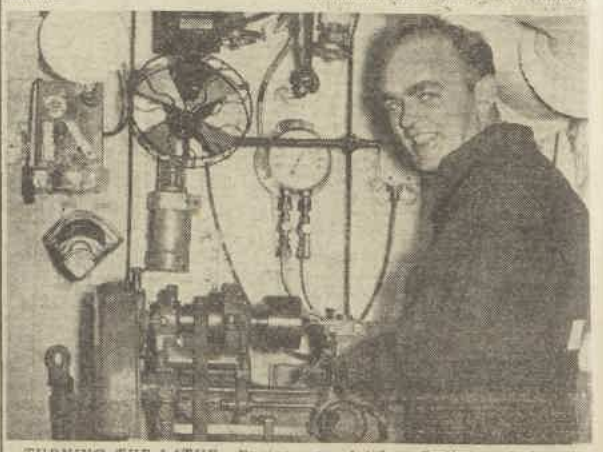
"He's the hardest worked man in the ship," added Lieut. Pardoe. "Sometimes the temperature in the galley registers 110. It's never below 90 when he's cooking."

Chief Electrician McGrail is the old hand on the ship.

He joined the submarine when she was commissioned in October, 1943, and was under the command of Commander W. King, D.S.O., D.S.C. and Bar.

He told of the Jap submarine they sank off the Malacca Straits in June, '44.

"The captain of this Jap sub-marine was known as 'the butcher' because he cut off the hands of American survivors as they climbed



TURNING THE LATHE. Engine-room Artificer G. Nansen is lapping an air valve, minor repair job done while in port.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785104

In small space politeness is all

IN THE WARDROOM ship's officers relax under the "punkahs." Left to right: Engineer-Officer Lieut. Herbert Gardner, of Weymouth; Captain of the Telemachus, Lieut. Oliver Lascelles, from Midhurst, Sussex; First Lieut. J. Pardoe, of Sussex; Lieut. W. G. Calvert, from Salcombe, Devon.

"DHOBYING" his clothes. Able-Seaman G. Rawlings gives a rub and a scrub. Laundry is a big problem on the ship.

on to his ship. There were three British submarines in the chase, and we just happened to be nearest, so we got him," he added.

I liked the story he told me of the Telemachus limping home to Fremantle during the war. She had been doing a landing operation off an island near Singapore and was dive-bombed by Jap seaplanes. One engine was out of action and they struggled back to Fremantle. No wireless communication could be established by the Telemachus, and naval authorities in Fremantle had almost given her up for lost.

One day, without warning, she straggled into Gage Roads much to the relief of the mother ship, Maidstone, who nevertheless showed no emotion whatsoever and sent a beam, "Hello, stranger."

Captain of the submarine is Lieut. Oliver Lascelles, D.S.C., who is third cousin to the Duke of Harewood. He is in his late twenties and unmarried.

Disappointingly, he had not attended his cousin's wedding to Marion Stein, nor had he heard her play the piano. This is his first trip to Australia. The ship's officers told me that there were "masses of volunteers" when it was known the submarine was coming to Australia.

Lieut. Herbert Gardner is married to a Western Australian girl who recently returned from England to greet her husband when the ship berthed at Fremantle.

Lieut. Pardoe was married to an English girl before coming out, and she will arrive by the Orion to live in Melbourne and Sydney.

The other three officers chorused: "We're bachelors."

Twenty per cent. of the crew have been in Australia before, and jumped at the chance to come again.

Lieut. W. G. Calvert, of Salcombe, Devon, was the officer detailed off to show me round the ship, which he did with enthusiasm and efficiency.

We covered every inch of ground, from the steering compartment to the torpedo-tube compartment, and emerged hot, wet, and bedraggled.

Wherever one looked there was bunk space—narrow leather bunks with about 18 inches of head room. No quarter is given here to restless sleepers.

Water always has to be carefully watched. Six thousand gallons of fresh water can be held in the tanks, and the distiller makes four to five gallons per hour from salt water.

From Aden onwards, the crew had to be rationed to four gallons per day, per person. The lieutenant explained that this seemed quite a lot, but when they had to use it for washing, drinking, and laundry, it did not amount to very much.

Down in the torpedo compartment are the garbage or "gash" bins. When full, they are taken up through the conning-tower and emptied over the side.

No inch of space is wasted, and one feels that life aboard a submarine is literally compressed — even church on Sunday, when nearly everyone crams into the torpedo compartment for a short 10-minute service.

Terrific practising of hymns goes on beforehand on the deck.

At nights and in off-duty hours the "ukkers" board is brought out in every separate messroom on the submarine. This is an improved version of ludo, and officers and men alike vote it tops for relaxation at sea.

Telemachus is due in Sydney on December 22, and will be based there for working in conjunction with H.M.S. Thorough, which will arrive in Fremantle on December 11. A third one will arrive later.

MOTORS used for propulsion while diving and when entering harbor are started by Leading Electrician's Mate P. Shenton.

TEA-TIME FOR THE CREW. Tea mostly consists of bread and jam, sometimes sardines, sometimes cakes while shore supplies last. Left to right: Stoker-Mechanics Briggs, Harrison, Easter, Cornish, and Bills. Many of the crew have been in Australia before.

HILTON

"Waltz Dream"

by HILTON are Australia's most sought after nylons. Smart women everywhere choose "Waltz Dream" super sheer nylons—the stockings that fit perfectly and make legs look lovelier. They're the ideal gift for Christmas.

HILTON "Waltz Dream"

FULL FASHIONED Nylon Stockings

N 163

LOVELY TO LOOK AT — LOVELIER TO WEAR

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785105

First Dance

Continued from page 4

EILEEN nodded mutely and stumbled a little as she slipped into Bill's arms. Immediately, she was gripped in a vice of nervousness and her legs, when they moved, were stiff and weighted. He was a beautiful, intricate dancer, she discovered, but her tenseness made her push and strain unconsciously against his steps.

The result was a fumbling chaos that quickly drained her of the residue of her confidence.

What's wrong, she thought in a panic, what's the matter with me?

After a few moments, he slowed his steps and began to lead her patiently into a simple routine, steering her dutifully across the floor as if she were a dowager.

But I can dance, she wanted to protest. I'm good, really I am!

When the music paused, she surreptitiously took out her handkerchief and mopped at her hands, but her heart dipped when she saw Bill do the same thing.

With an effort she cleared her throat and arranged her face in an animated smile.

"Isn't the band terrific?" she asked gaily.

"Fair," he said. "The brass isn't bad, though."

"No, it's quite good." Her mind strained feverishly for something clever to say and she tried to recall some of the witty remarks she had written down on her list. She could think of nothing.

The music began again. Still stiff and awkward from nervousness, she followed his lead, hating his careful pace, knowing that he was consciously descending to an elementary level for her sake, gauging his steps to the pitiful measure of her dancing.

Afterwards, they gathered into a little group and Norma and Vi and the three boys began to talk about people of whom she had never heard, making jokes about office personalities that sent them off into whoops of laughter.

But although she laughed with them and stayed close to them, her laughter did not have the ring of authenticity and she knew that she was not actually in the circle at all, but merely on the fringe—an outsider who did not belong.

It had never occurred to her, during these past weeks, that she would not have a good time to-night. But now, for the first time, a vague uncertainty came to her, bringing with it a realisation that shocked her. Why, she thought, I'm not really enjoying myself so far . . . I'm not really having a good time at all.

She looked round her at the other girls and was filled with a passionate envy as she gazed at their beautiful, rounded figures. The dress that had looked so beautiful at home now seemed only a milk-and-water affair without style or flavor; her hair was just hair and not the perfect complement for her features; her face a meaningless blob of pink that offered nothing to the eye.

She danced with Roy, with Dick and then with Bill again. All three boys were the same in her presence, treating her kindly and with a terrible politeness that filled her with despair.

While dancing with Bill, she stumbled and he stopped suddenly.

"Perhaps you're tired," he said. "Shall we sit this one out and have something to drink?"

She nodded and they weaved their way through the dancers to the buffet against the wall. Bill found two chairs in a corner and brought over two brimming glasses. The lights in the huge room had dimmed, bright prism flashes shot across the walls and ceiling and the music was soft and languid.

When Bill looked at her in the half-darkness, with what appeared to be an expression of expectancy, she strained desperately to say something, anything that would lift her out from the grey void where he had placed her and stamp her as an entity, a personality to be recognised and respected.

A line from her list of jokes at home flashed into her mind, and before she could marshal her thoughts she blurted out impulsively: "Are your eyes worrying you?"

Immediately, she wanted to will the words back on her tongue. She thought dazedly: "What am I saying? . . . He'll think I'm a complete idiot . . .

"Eyes?" He frowned and seemed to stiffen a little. "Why, do they look as if they do? I've been meaning to go to an oculist, but——"

"Oh, no, no," she said faintly, "you don't understand I . . ." But to her vast relief the lights went on, there was a rolling of drums and a fanfare, and a gathering buzz of excitement announced the arrival of Miss Lyane Tremaine within the circle of the spotlight.

"Oh, isn't she gorgeous," breathed Eileen as she gazed in awe at the film actress. She was a truly beautiful woman, her features perfect, her hair a striking shade of copper that was dramatic with the soft blue chiffon dress. She was besieged by autograph hunters, and then as the music began was led triumphantly on to the floor.

At that moment Bill mumbled something in her ear and disappeared. The couples drifted to the floor, and Eileen stood still for a few minutes in a kind of panic, gazing about her with diamond-bright eyes.

"Excuse me," the couples said as they brushed past her to the dance floor. "May we get through?"

She kept moving about to give them room, a little smile pasted across her face. Finally, she turned and walked towards the foyer, and it was then that she saw Bill in a far corner, dancing with a blonde girl in pale green.

Her steps were heavy and she was suddenly very tired.

For a long time she sat in the almost empty cloakroom, opening and closing her compact, running a comb through her hair, when someone looked her way. With all her heart she longed to be home again.

The room filled suddenly with girls and smoke, indicating that a dance had ended, and she shrank back in her corner, catching a glimpse of flame-colored satin three dressing-tables away. She knew that Norma and Vi were there, but she could not face talking to them, and was grateful that she was shielded from their view.

In the corner of her mirror she suddenly sighted Norma. And in a ball of sound she saw and heard a few disjointed words on her lips . . . "Eileen" . . . and "Just a child" . . . and then one whole phrase, "She looks like a little flower-girl."

Eileen's body stiffened. Why, they're talking about me, she thought. The impact of their words struck her sharply, and humiliation poured through her.

She turned her head blindly and willed that she should not be seen. Not until the room had emptied did she move to the mirror.

For a long moment she stared at herself. They were right, she thought.

She saw herself practising dance steps; she felt again the wild enthusiasm she had known for the dress; watched herself go through the long ritual of getting ready, so certain that she was lovely.

Her throat tight with aching, she turned from the mirror, wondering how she could face the music and the laughter and those faces, so assured and critical.

I can't, I can't, she thought with a little shiver. I'll tell Bill I don't feel well.

Please turn to page 24

"I don't suppose you have children's books printed on edible paper."

Give Her a Hoover ★ AND YOU GIVE HER THE BEST

She deserves the best, doesn't she? So give her a Hoover Cleaner, the gift she really wants — the gift that goes on being remembered month after month, year after year — giving her freedom from hard back-aching drudgery. There is a Hoover model for every size and type of home . . . available on easy terms and for immediate delivery. See your Authorised Hoover Retailer *now*. He will gladly arrange a free home demonstration, if desired.

The HOOVER CLEANER

Authorised HOOVER RETAILER

THE SHOP WITH THIS SIGN IS YOUR HOOVER RETAILER

Hoover (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Sydney, New South Wales

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785106

Interesting People

MRS. HENRY AUSTIN

. . . chartered accountant

DISTINGUISHED in her profession is Mrs. H. Austin, of Adelaide, who recently attended the Interstate Accountants' Congress. As Annie Gellert she was in 1929 first woman practising accountant to be made a Fellow of the Institute of Chartered Accountants. Admitted as an associate, she was made a Fellow 10 years later. Still active professionally, she favors the specialised fields of taxation and estate accountancy. Vice-president of the Lyceum Club, she is also treasurer of the Army Nurses' Fund.

MR. GEORGE PARKER

. . . stock sleuth

AFTER a long career in the advertising and real-estate world, 74-year-old Mr. George Parker, of New York, has come out of retirement to become the head of one of the most unusual firms in existence. It is Missing Stockholders and Skrip Tracers, a firm that searches all over the world for people who have dividends owing to them, imagine their stock is worthless, or move without notifying change of address. The services of the Tracers have been availed of by individuals, business houses, and detectives.

MISS BRENDA CARPENTER

. . . travel expert

HEAD of the travel department of Dalgety and Co., Sydney, Miss Brenda Carpenter has been advising travellers for 22 years. "If they want to go to Timbuktu, my job is to get them there," she says. What has most impressed her since the war is the development among all sections of the community of interest in foreign travel. This is especially so among girls in their early 20's, who save their fare and take jobs to keep themselves when they arrive. Boys don't show the same spirit of adventure, she says.

Catherine the Great

Continued from page 18

FROM then on she made no secret of her lovers, who had all the prominence of Prince Consorts.

As Empress, Catherine was a hard worker and what she did for the country of her adoption, as well as satisfying her own ambitions, gave her the right to the title of "the Great," which was used even in her lifetime.

She found Russia's domestic affairs in a state of complete confusion and sorted them out thoroughly, if somewhat brutally.

At the time of her accession the peasants in the mines were in revolt.

Finding no other way out of the impasse, she sent the Army and bombarded the peasants so fiercely that they were glad to return to the mines.

She took great interest in the status of her sex, and in questions of morality on which she had very strict views—for others.

She established the great Foundling Hospital in order to discourage infanticide, and this institution is said to be the first of its kind in the world.

She also founded a school for the education of young ladies.

Many such enterprises Catherine discussed in her correspondence with philosophers of the day, Voltaire, Grimm, and Frederick the Great.

Catherine's campaign against smallpox was notable.

She invited a physician from England, Sir Thomas Dimsdale, who had been practising vaccination, to visit her in Russia, and, although trembling with fear, was secretly vaccinated.

The Grand Duke Paul and Gregory Orlov were done next, and quickly vaccination became the fashionable thing among the aristocrats.

But still the populace was unprotected, and unwilling to be protected except by superstitious rites. Smallpox broke out in the city of Moscow in 1771.

When the Bishop of Moscow tried to help the cause of science by removing a reputedly miracle-working statue, he was murdered by the mob and riots broke out.

The Empress sent Gregory Orlov with a regiment to take charge, and bullied the populace into submission to the ideas of treatment and hygiene, which finally wiped out the plague.

The Empress was delighted with Orlov's efforts and heaped him with rewards and honors. But the end of their 10 years' romance had come.

Soon Catherine took a new lover, a young man named Vassilchikov.

Catherine's relationship with Vassilchikov proved unsatisfactory.

The only one of her lovers who had royal blood in his veins, he was the least impressive of them, and he was quickly replaced by Gregory Potiomkin, who, like Orlov, held a really important place in Catherine's life.

By the time Potiomkin became her lover, she had reached middle-age.

As she grew older, stouter, and more toothless, she began to apply more heavily the rouge, use of which had scandalised the court since her early days.

Her alliance with Potiomkin lasted 15 years, but he remained as official favorite and public escort only two years.

He was a man of action, and could not bear the passive and publicised role the "adjutant-general" was called on to fill.

Catherine and Potiomkin shared one great ambition, that of conquering Constantinople and driving the Turks out of Europe.

BOOKS about Catherine of Russia include "Catherine the Great," by K. Anthony; "The Empress Catherine," by Gertrude Aretz; "Courtships of Catherine the Great," by P. W. Sergeant; and "Catherine the Great and the Expansion of Russia," by Gladys Scott Thomson.

She hoped that, if she herself failed to revive the Byzantine Empire of Alexander the Great, her grandson, at least, would do so.

It was because of this dream that the Grand Duke Paul's eldest son was named Alexander. His second son was called Constantine.

Like the Empress Elizabeth before her, Catherine arranged her son's marriage and stole his first two children.

She became passionately devoted to these two grandsons, as she never had been to her own children, but, by one of fate's ironies, it was the third grandson, whom she had left to the care of his mother, the former Princess Sophie, of Wurttemburg, who was eventually the one to carry on the dynasty.

Catherine's romance with Potiomkin ended when she refused to give up her last lover, Zobov, a young man of 24, for whom, at 60, she had an old woman's infatuation.

Dismissed from the Court, Potiomkin was a broken man.

In a mood of black depression, he indulged, against his physicians' advice, in an orgy of eating, which had always been his favorite pastime, and literally died as a result.

When Catherine heard of his death she is reported to have fainted three times. She had once written to him, "Without you I am without hands."

This proved to be true. The glory of Catherine's reign passed with Potiomkin's death. Soon a treaty was signed which ended the Second Turkish War and Catherine's dream of empire to equal Alexander the Great's.

Zubov was the last of Potiomkin's seven successors, or, it should be said, of his contemporaries, as Potiomkin had retained the Empress' favor whenever he returned home.

The others were Zavadovsky, an intellectual, who later become Minister of Public Instruction under her grandson, Alexander Zoritch, who subsequently founded a school for boys in the country; Rimsky-Korsakov, a sergeant of the guards, who was a fine physical specimen, but stupid; Lanskoy, a young man of taste, who was able to share such intellectual pleasures as her correspondence with Voltaire, and who, at 26, died in her arms of angina; Yermakov, known as the "white nigger," whom Potiomkin dismissed at a day's notice; Mamanov, who eliminated himself from office by falling in love with and marrying one of the Court ladies; and, finally, Zubov.

The last years of Catherine's life were marred by ill-health, and she grew fatter and fatter.

She devoted most of her time to arranging—not always successfully—the affairs of her grandchildren.

On November 5, 1796, 52 years after her arrival in Russia, Catherine had held a small salon, at which she appeared to be in high spirits. The next day she remained alone in her private room at the Winter Palace, and a few hours later was found unconscious at her writing table.

She was too big to carry to a bed, so she was laid on the floor, where next day she died.

She had obviously composed her own epitaph, which was a masterpiece of whitewashing.

Her wishes were, however, in her death disregarded as in life they could not have been.

A cold white slab covers her in the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, and her only epitaph remains "Catherine the Great."

BOND'S

Quiet socks. Bright socks. Short socks for sports and plenty of length in the socks you wear every day—Extra long wear in all of them — and all at popular prices.

OBTAINABLE AT LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Agents: F. G. Hyett & Co., 232 Flinders Lane, Melbourne
John A. Kenyon Pty. Ltd., 65 York St., Sydney

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785107

HAPPY LIVING

can be Yours!

What do *you* need to make you happier? Holidays where you can enjoy yourself in fresh air and sunshine? Some means of transport to make your week-ends brighter? Little extras for the house? More attractive clothes? A home of your own? Comforts and security now and for your later years? The money to provide your children with a good education and a start in life?

All these and many other aids to happy living can be yours if you get into the habit of saving something every week.

The Commonwealth Savings Bank offers you every opportunity and encouragement to save. It has 420 Branches and 4,200 Agencies throughout Australia. At any one of these you may open an account.

Saving is not only a means to an end: it is a source of continual pleasure. Help yourself to happiness by saving regularly with an account in the

COMMONWEALTH Savings BANK

SAVE SOMETHING EVERY PAY DAY...

Favourite pen of all the world

Although 85 stamps in 34 countries prove Parker to be the world's most wanted pen.

Parker '51', most beautiful pen ever made, surpasses all others in technical precision. Words flow spontaneously from the unique tubular nib which is tipped with a wear-resistant alloy. The patented ink trap maintains an even flow—correctly filled Parker '51' never leaks or blobs. All vital parts including the patented self-filler are hidden safely inside the streamlined barrel.

Available with Rolled Gold Cap, price £10/-. . . Lustraloy Cap, price 90/-. . . in a range of distinguished colours.

Fill your pen with QUINK—a pen-perfect ink for all good fountain pens.

Other famous Parker Pens

DUOFOLD.

The finest pen at its price in the world — streamlined and handsome. Rolled gold arrow clip holds pen firm and safe in pocket. Finest quality smooth-writing nib of 14 carat gold.

Price 47/6.

VICTORY

Moderately priced but retaining all the elegance and efficiency that goes with every Parker pen. This attractive model is light, and perfectly balanced. Price 29/-

Parker "51"

Distributors for Australia,
BROWN & DUREAU LIMITED

MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, BRISBANE, ADELAIDE, PERTH

1734

First Dance

Continued from page 22

THERE was a little click in the far corner of the room, and a door Eileen had noticed before opened, revealing the attendant. For a moment she peered inside.

"It's all right now, Miss Tremaine," she said. "The place is almost empty — I knew it would be during the Lucky Spot Dance. No one will bother you here."

There was the swish of silk and the murmur of a voice saying, "Thank you," and then Lynne Tremaine was in the room, her lovely face a smooth porcelain oval against the coppery tones of her hair.

For a moment, they stared at each other, the beautiful film star, her superb figure perfectly gowned, and the trembling girl.

The woman smiled. "Hallo," she said. "It's a lovely dance, isn't it? Having a good time?"

"I—I—" Eileen swallowed. "All right, I suppose," she said thickly. How beautiful she is, she thought humbly. I wonder what it *must* feel like to be so beautiful.

The film star gave her a darting look that seemed to encompass everything—the ill-fitting dress, the freckles that stood out against the white skin, the curve of suffering about the childish mouth. Then she bent quickly towards the mirror and smoothed an eyebrow with apparent absorption.

"My goodness!" she said. "How a dance like this brings things back to me. I can remember the first dance I ever went to, and what an awful time I had."

Eileen's mouth dropped a little. "Y—you did?" she whispered.

"My brother had to take me," she said, taking out her compact, "and what a sight I was—fat and with a band on my teeth . . . He could hardly persuade anyone to dance with me, and I had made my own dress and it came apart at the waist . . ." She shuddered a little.

"I suffered terribly," she said, smiling at Eileen in the mirror, "but, of course, it all seems funny now—just one of those evenings in your youth that you always remember. It seemed so important to me then, every awful minute of it. But now . . ." She snapped her compact shut. "Now it's just something that I laugh about with my husband."

Eileen found her voice at last. "I—I can't believe it," she whispered. "I just can't picture you not being beautiful."

Lynne Tremaine laughed. "Well, that is nice to hear!" she said. "But believe me, I didn't begin to get pretty until I was eighteen or nineteen. Before that, like every other girl, I went through the inevitable awkward age when you're just beginning to develop."

Eileen gazed at herself dazedly in the mirror, and there was something in her eyes that made the other woman sav suddenly, "Now, take a girl like yourself. You're going to be very pretty, I can see that. And when your figure matures a little, you'll wear clothes like a dream."

"I will?" Eileen's mouth dropped.

Lynne Tremaine gazed at her critically, and her voice was strong with decision. "Yes, you will. I can always tell."

She picked up her little purse and turned towards the other door, and then she paused, her eyes soft. "What's your name?"

"Eileen . . . Eileen Mathews."

"Well, so long, Eileen. Have a good time."

"I—I will." She turned towards the mirror again, her eyes filled with wonder.

I'm going to be pretty, she thought. I'm going to wear clothes like a dream. It was already an accepted fact, because Lynne Tremaine had said so.

Why, this is only one evening out of my life, she thought wonderingly. It's something I'll laugh about later on, too.

I might as well get back to the lion's den, she thought as she picked up her evening bag. But her eyes were cool and amused.

In the ballroom, she saw Bill and the others leaning against a wall, and a pall of boredom seemed to hang over them as they puffed abstractedly at their cigarettes. For some reason, they no longer struck her as being glamorous and superior.

Bill had been gazing round anxiously and she knew, with a feeling of satisfaction, that he had been worried about her and fearing the possible censure of his family. Now his face lighted up with relief.

"Well, for heaven's sake," he said, "where have you been? We've been looking everywhere for you."

She smiled easily. "Oh," she said, "I got into a long conversation with Lynne Tremaine in the cloakroom. She's simply fascinating."

They gazed at her doubtfuly, but a little flurry of sound on the other side of the room pulled all their heads in that direction. Couples buzzed like excited bees around the mink-jacketed figure of Lynne Tremaine on her way to the door.

Even Norma and Vi hopped up and down for a better look. But Eileen leaned against the wall, her eyes cool and serene.

The swarm of young people, with the actress in its centre, passed by and in a fleeting second, Lynne Tremaine caught Eileen's eye. She waved her hand. "Good-bye, Eileen," she called out.

Eileen waved back. "Good-bye," she said. But she had not moved from her position nor did her inward surge of triumph reveal itself in her eyes.

"Well!" said Vi in sudden respect. "What did you talk about with her?"

"Oh . . ." Eileen said. "This and that."

The music had begun again.

"Let's dance," said Bill quickly, grabbing her arm and steering her into the ballroom. Eileen, with a body suddenly relaxed and free from strain, drifted off in his arms.

He looked down at her in surprise and took two quick, experimental steps. She followed him easily.

"Hey!" he said. "You can dance!"

She nodded, but didn't bother to answer, knowing that he was gazing down admiringly at her. I don't care, she thought coolly, if you think I can dance or not—you're just an incident in my life, that's all.

"Freckles," he said in a teasing voice, his tones low and caressing. "You know, I think I'll call you 'Freckle Face'."

She looked up at him, her eyes faintly amused. "I may not have a face that launched a thousand ships," she said, "but I've sent off a canoe or two in my time."

For a moment, his face seemed locked in astonishment, then he threw back his head and roared with laughter. "You're wonderful," he said. "You really are."

Gliding, dipping, spinning in unison, they swirled towards the centre of the floor and were lost in the sea of dancers.

(Copyright)

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, 1088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

It isn't the burnt-on custard that makes your saucepan an old-timer

It's harsh cleaning

But if you sprinkle a little VIM on your pot-cleaner

VIM's added cleansing power will remove grime without harming the surface.

Keep your white shoes and a corner now white with . . .

KIWI WHITE CLEANER

- Doesn't rub off easily
- Dries extra quickly
- Easy to apply
- A tube lasts a season

Kiwi White makes white shoes whiter

5 doctors prove this plan breaks the laxative habit

If you take laxatives regularly—here's how you can stop!

Because 5 New York doctors now have proved you may break the laxative habit . . . and establish your natural powers of regularity. 83% of the cases tested did it. So can you.

Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead: Every night for one week take 2 Carter's Little Liver Pills, 2nd week—one each night. 3rd week—one every other night. Then—nothing! Every day drink eight glasses of water—set a definite time for regularity.

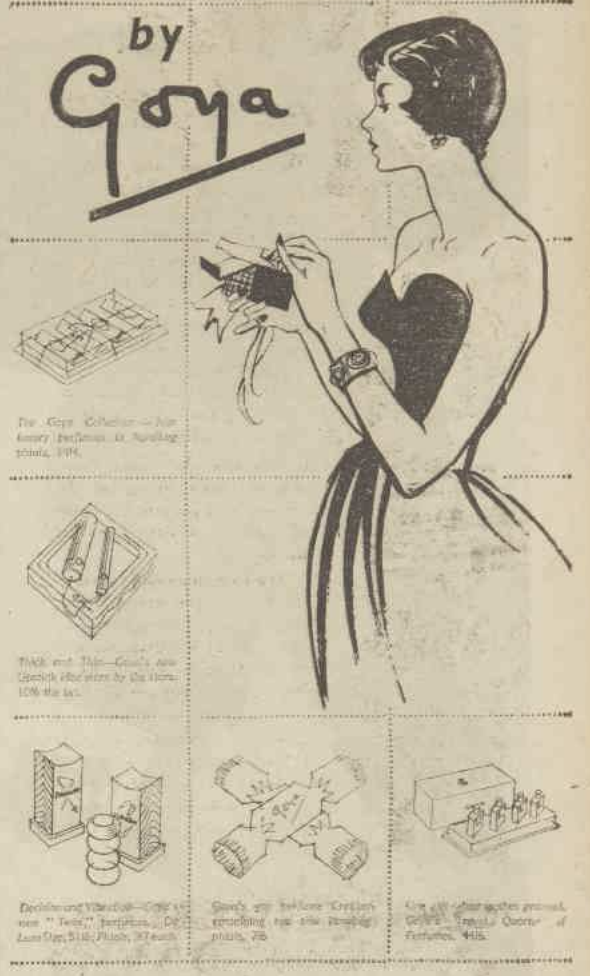
Carter's Little Liver Pills "unblock" the lower digestive tract and from then on let it make use of its own natural powers.

Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785108

a Gift she will love

by Goya



GOYA, 161 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: Roswell Pty. Ltd. 469 Collins Street, Melbourne.

Australian girl's success in Paris

From BETTY NESBIT in Paris

Eighteen-year-old Australian dancer Ruth Helfgott, who has already hit theatrical headlines in Paris as a member of a top-line success ballet company, has joined the growing ranks of Australians who are studying in Paris.

RUTH, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Helfgott, of Napier St., Dover Heights, N.S.W., has been dancing in Roland Petit's "Ballet de Paris," one of the chief attractions of Paris' gayest summer season since the war ended.

The ballet company has gone on to America, but Ruth has stayed behind, as she says she is too much in love with Paris to leave.

The opportunity to study and live in this cultural centre appears to Ruth to be more important than seeing the bright lights of Broadway.

"I have felt all along that through lack of time I was missing the opportunities that Paris offers to the student of the arts allied to ballet," Ruth said.

"Every painting I see in the Louvre helps me to understand the art of decor, balance of color, and composition of figures. Every concert I go to gives me a keener understanding of the adaptation of music for ballet.

"All the architecture and the museums where I can study costumes dating back for centuries gives me the essential background knowledge for stage sets and costumes.

"But this takes time—time I didn't have while dancing with M. Petit's company."

Before she left Australia early this year, Ruth danced with the Ballet Rambert during its Australian tour, achieving a solo role in the ballet "Gala Performance."

She sailed for England on the same ship as the famous company and when she reached London lost no time in beginning lessons in the classes of Vera Volkova at Cambridge Circus.

It was there that Roland Petit saw her work and offered her a contract for his Paris summer season.

When she reached Paris in May, Ruth found herself one of 15 dancers, and the only Australian, in the corps de ballet.

Ruth attends ballet class each week-day, but has her evenings free for concerts and theatres, and weekends off to see historical monuments, galleries, and museums.

After seeing something of ballet both in England and Paris, Ruth says she can feel proud of the high standard of dancing in Australia.

She is waiting for the day when Australia will have a national ballet.

"I like London and adore Paris, but it isn't home," she said. "I realise that I have a wonderful opportunity now and I want to make the most of it so as to be able to contribute something later to the development of ballet in Australia."

RUTH HELFGOTT, of Dover Heights, Sydney, who is continuing her ballet studies in Paris.

John Mills

J. Arthur Rank Film Star ★ always wears Grafton Handkerchiefs for smartness

Obtainable at all leading stores throughout Australia — including the same designs as worn by Mr. Mills.

Grafton handkerchiefs for men and women

They boil and boil and boil

★ *Seen to be worn in "The History of Mr. Polly".*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785109

"So—there is a Santa Claus!"

Santa, or his deputy, it matters little so long as the gift is as thoughtful, as delightful, as truly satisfactory as a smart, hygienic box of ACTIL bed-linen.

ACTIL Guaranteed Quality Sheets and Pillow Cases are made wholly in Australia – there is no smoother, whiter, longer-wearing bed-linen. These ACTIL products are easy to launder too. Light to handle, they dry quickly, and iron smoothly. Another thing, there's no skimping with ACTIL – the sheets are guaranteed 99 in. hemmed size with sturdy 2 in. hems at top and 1 in. hems at bottom.

So drop a Christmas hint. Let hubby know you want ACTIL Guaranteed Quality Sheets and Pillow Cases. And what better gift for your friends!

GUARANTEED! Should these ACTIL Products prove unsatisfactory in wear, they will be replaced by the Sole Manufacturers.

AN ACTIL PRODUCT

scientifically tested for— STRENGTH & DURABILITY

Guaranteed Quality SHEETS & PILLOW CASES

SOLD AT STANDARD PRICES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Sizes: 54 x 99 63 x 99 80 x 99 90 x 99

With Matching Pillow Cases, 20 x 30 Size.

NOW AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE

If you are unable to purchase these ACTIL Products, please communicate with the Sole Manufacturers at one of the following addresses:—
Box 5060, G.P.O., Sydney; Box 52A, G.P.O., Melbourne; Box 640F, G.P.O., Adelaide; Box N1141, G.P.O., Perth, and you will be advised of your nearest stockist.

ACT26

AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED · ACTIL AVENUE · WOODVILLE · SOUTH AUSTRALIA

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785110

"What're you guys trying to palm off on me? ! !"

"I'm just telling them how swell we think their drills work . . ."

It seems to me . . .

By

Dorothy Drain

TELEPHONES in cars, which have been promised for years, will be available next year in Sydney — a piece of news which I receive with mixed feelings.

Owing to the influence of films in impressionable years, I have a certain fondness for telephones, which years of having the things screaming in my ear all day have failed to eradicate entirely.

I have always (and this lets you into some of my innermost wishes) coveted a white telephone on which I could talk in the bath. One of those plug-in models that the faithful colored maid with the large grin always hands to the beautiful film star.

But, owing to the split personality which those who earn their living develop, this white telephone of my dreams has no connection with the black one shrieking as I write. (Hallo, hallo! No! Wrong extension!)

The white telephone brings only news of exciting dates and sudden riches. It goes with emeralds, expensive perfume, and leisure. It is, I fear, the black, or slave-driving, model which will pursue us into cars, the kind which reminds you that your work is late, that is used to ring grocers and make appointments with the dentist.

* * *

SEEING "Oklahoma!", which, as is the routine of many productions at present, has eventually got round to Sydney after seasons in Melbourne and Brisbane, reminded me of an old hobby-horse of mine — Steele Rudd's "On Our Selection."

"Oklahoma!" is a simple farm story dressed up with snappy music and dancing.

What a pity, I found myself thinking, that we've never had an Australian Rodgers and Hammerstein to write music and lyrics for the Steele Rudd book.

To-day the "Dad and Dave" tradition is commonly derided and deplored. I doubt that half Rudd's detractors ever read the original book, which, in spite of the train of indifferent imitators it set up, had a lot of merit, though perhaps more pathos than humor.

Many people who dismiss it—unread—as tripe laugh and cry quite happily at American rural slapstick and sentiment on films and the stage.

* * *

THE King, it is said, personally censors the hats that Princess Margaret wears.

This is surely alarming news for all millinery designers. If the opinion of fathers and husbands on hats is to be taken seriously, it will modify the caprices of the makers considerably. In fact all hats will probably be big and blue.

* * *

IT'S not surprising that the response to the "Help a British Migrant" campaign has been disappointing.

People were asked to take a migrant into their homes. But no matter how kindly most householders feel towards migrants, not many want to take a stranger, whether migrant or Australian, into their homes without knowing a good deal about him.

References may be impeccable, but they don't indicate that you'll like the owner.

Most migrants, too, prefer independent housing. Personally, I'd rather live in barracks than enter a strange household in another country as a boarder.

THE Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. Barnes, caused a stir lately with some thoughts he expressed on sterilisation of the unfit.

People remember only too clearly the shocking things that happened in a country where man put "race improvement" plans into practice — Adolf Hitler's Germany.

The Bishop said, "A time is quickly coming when sterilisation of the unfit will have to be an essential in our social organisation."

Such projects may sound all right in theory, provided you don't remember that the "unfit" are human beings who could be you, or people you love. Then, you may ask, who is to decide, to legislate, to enforce a law?

So far no section of the human race has shown itself fitted to make such decisions. Many of man's most notable modern achievements are used for destructive purposes. No country is such a shining example of good and peaceful government that its rulers are fit to be entrusted with deciding which of its citizens are fit to carry on the race.

Besides, deciding who was "unfit" might be less difficult if it were established that everyone who contributed to the welfare, progress, and culture of humanity possessed a healthy body.

On the contrary, many of the best jobs in life have been done by people who were physically poor specimens, even handicapped by disease and deformity.

Humanity's problems are a good deal harder to solve than those of racehorses.

* * *

FROM time to time in this column I have made rather snipy remarks about the various over-civilised aspects of American life.

Only the other day I was snorting to myself over a magazine devoted to various new household inventions which seemed to complicate existence unbearably.

I take it all back, every word and thought of it. My change of front isn't because the Americans have the tallest buildings, the most aeroplanes, or even the biggest atom-bombs.

It is because of a little gadget clipped to a handbag which a friend has had brought her from America. And what do you think it does? It holds gloves! Instead of grasping one limp glove while the other reposes on the tram-seat you left, or the footpath you have just traversed, you just snap them on to your bag.

Such an invention, had I come on it earlier in life, might have saved me anything up to £50 in money and heaven knows what damage to nerves and temper.

The Americans are a wonderful, wonderful nation.

* * *

FINING a woman recently, a magistrate said: "She is a woman, and I will make allowances for that." In another court a judge said: "From my experience it is no use showing a woman a (road) plan and asking her questions about it."

Do you think them just a little condescending?
Does it make you vexed to be so patronised?
Ah, ladies, don't rack in, your brains defending,
To curb your ire you would be well advised.

Equality you want? By all means grab it,
But let 'em in the kindness of their heart
Retain the notion that you're dumb by habit—
You'll have your cake and eat it, if you're smart.

She's hoping for . . .

Christmas Greetings from someone special. To say them with a perfume by Saville is as pretty a compliment to her taste (and your own) as a gift could be. Saville's 'Mischief' for instance! A gay, youthful fragrance with a touch of lovable impudence! Or 'June'—the soul of a thousand flowers. Or, for great occasions, 'Seventh Heaven'—the perfume that men love women to wear. She's hoping . . . !

Saville PERFUMES

MISCHIEF
SEVENTH HEAVEN
JUNE

Saville, Perfumer, Piccadilly, London

QUICK-EZE

give QUICK RELIEF from

TRAVEL SICKNESS

STOP NAUSEA AND INDIGESTION
during car, train, air and sea journeys

Prevent the agonies and embarrassments of travel sickness by taking a few Quick-Eze Antacid Tablets before and during your journey. Travellers who were constant victims of travel sickness declare Quick-Eze a sure and pleasant-tasting treatment.

Quick-Eze Prevent the "Sourness" of Digestive Upsets

Quick-Eze Antacid Tablets are medicated to British Pharmacopeia Codex standards, with specifics that neutralise excess stomach acid and restore the acid-alkaline balance of the digestive system.

You can buy Quick-Eze Anywhere

Ask for Quick-Eze Antacid Tablets at Railway Buffets, Airport Kiosks, Chemists, Stores, Milk Bars, Cafes, Confectioners, etc. A sixpenny packet will save you hours of misery when travelling.

The "New-Way" Indigestion Aid

Quick-Eze have been specially prepared as the most convenient way of taking an authentic medicament—without fuss, embarrassment, or any need for mixing. These quick-acting, relieving tablets can be taken without anyone noticing. Carry a packet wherever you go.

Packed for Protection

Quick-Eze are hygienically packed in spill-proof, dirt-proof, gilt-foil wrapping. Every tablet is thus protected, stays fresh and active to the last one.

QUICK-EZE for INDIGESTION 6D PER PKT.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785111

They'll work while others play

PILOT OF B.C.P.A. PLANE, Capt. John Kessey, rehearses his role as Santa with his crew. Hostesses and passengers will sing carols.

While Christmas holidays bring the usual good cheer and leisure to many, there are others to whom they mean either hard work or disappointment in not being able to spend Christmas at home.

WORKERS who must maintain public services during the holidays are resigned to missing festive celebrations with their families.

Some, such as railway worker and ambulance attendant Peter Pollard, have not been at home for Christmas dinner for many years.

"I haven't had Christmas dinner with the family for 26 years," said Peter Pollard, who is a Divisional Superintendent with the St. John Ambulance Brigade.

In fact, Mr. Pollard has had few week-ends or holidays to himself during those 26 years. He has spent them on ambulance duty at beaches, football grounds, and country camps.

He is hoping that this Christmas will be hot enough to ensure crowded beaches.

"If a beach is crowded, there's no room for boisterous people to race round, and that means fewer accidents," he said.

"It's an odd thing, but a small crowd usually means quite a few accidents. I remember a day at one beach when 14 of the 20 people on the beach suffered minor injuries."

NURSE Peggy Jones, who will be on duty for Christmas, with two patients who will be in hospital still as fractured spine cases—Bill Anderson (with violin) and Jack Waller.

TELEGRAPHIST Neville Patfield is resigned to working on holidays because "people want their telegrams."

Mr. Pollard's accident cases at the beach usually include cuts, bruises, bluebottle stings, and fractures. He also co-operates with lifesavers in resuscitating people rescued from the water.

This will be the second Christmas in the air for B.C.P.A. air hostess Donna Woodward, who, if flying schedule is maintained, will celebrate Christmas flying between Honolulu and San Francisco.

Donna said Christmas "in the air" can be very merry.

"It was last year, and I think it will be the same this time," she said.

"Passengers have a Christmas drink together, and those who feel like it sing carols together. The air-crew can't have a drink, of course, but the pilots at the controls and the rest of us join in the singing."

Because of the International Date Line, passengers and crew in the B.C.P.A. plane this year probably will have two Christmas Eves.

Matron Phyllis Jessep, of the Royal Hospital for Women, Sydney, has not spent a whole Christmas Day at home for many years.

"Christmas Day in hospital can be better for patients than Christmas at home," said Matron Jessep. "The wards are decorated, diets go by the board where possible, every patient gets a present, and each baby receives a special set of woollies made by members of our auxiliaries.

"Little Salvation Army girls come along and sing carols, and sisters and nurses usually go home for one meal in the day."

For usherette Helen Ryan, Christmas Day will be an "absolute day of rest." The following day, Boxing Day, is one of the busiest of the year for theatres.

"Crowds will start queueing at the theatre well before opening time at 10 a.m., and by 8.30 I'll be run off my feet," declared Helen.

Helen said holiday crowds usually visited the theatre in family groups, which meant the usherette often had to find many seats together.

AMBULANCE attendant Peter Pollard expects to be kept busy with holiday accidents.

Have a "White Cloud" Xmas!

with (SHORTENING) and

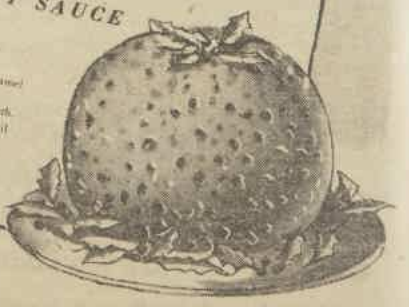
WHITE CLOUD CHRISTMAS CAKE

BE SURE TO ASK FOR WHITE CLOUD

SEND FOR THE RECIPE BOOK 7½D

WHITE CLOUD CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING

BRANDY SAUCE



Manufactured by VEGETABLE OILS PTY. LTD., GARDENERS RD., MASCOT, N.S.W.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785112

WORTH Reporting

AN unexpected corner of sophisticated and gay Paris is its charming and sentimental "Cimetiere des Chiens," or dogs' cemetery, with its epitaphs in English, Russian, French, German, Dutch, and Chinese.

Many of the graves are built in the shape of little kennels, writes Betty Nesbit. Once a year members of the Chinese Embassy in Paris hold a memorial service in the cemetery for Embassy pets which have died in Paris. In their carved coffins the Pekingese are wrapped in rich embroidered Chinese silks.

Rin-Tin-Tin, canine film star of the 'twenties, was brought from Hollywood to be buried in Paris, as America then had no dog cemeteries. His epitaph, translated, says: "In passing, think of this gallant animal, who was a less bad actor than many."

The grave of Barry, one of Europe's most famous dogs, is marked by a nine-foot-high cross and the statue of an immense St. Bernard carrying a little girl on his back.

During Napoleonic times Barry lived in the Swiss Alps, finding travellers lost in the snow and leading rescuers to them. A wounded French soldier, mistaking Barry for a wolf, stabbed him to death.

Written on his tomb is this: "He saved the lives of 40 people and was killed by the 41st."

A film, with famous French actor Pierre Fresnay playing the role of Barry's master, is now showing abroad.

One of the most imposing monuments honors French police dogs which have died while on duty. In this grave are eight dogs. Members of the French Embassy in Washington erected a gravestone to Pup, a Dalmatian who was born there, but "Died of sadness in France because the thoughts of this faithful dog remained in the Embassy which he loved."

Old stones are put to new uses

DESIGNED and built by Perth Rotarians from the stones originally used in an old East Perth street, the Rotarian wishing-well near the War Memorial in King's Park collected over £100 in its first month. The money will be given to Sister Kate's Cottage Homes.

The well has become specially popular with newly married couples, who on their way from the church drop in a silver piece for luck.

When she was about to build her attractive rough-cast house at Applecross, outside Perth, novelist Rix Weaver heard of a pile of old stones, formerly used as sailing ship ballast, and dumped at the end of the voyage.

She had them carted the 20 miles from Rockingham, down the coast from Fremantle, to Applecross and used them most effectively in the building of her new home.

"Geraldine would be a swell gal—if she could only put on more weight!"

It was the quiet that cost money

A BARBER of our acquaintance has adopted a scheme which helps distracted parents whose children need their hair cut, and at the same time allows him to increase takings.

He keeps a range of toys on hand, and when junior sets up the usual outraged bellow that accompanies hair-cutting he is at once given something to play with.

The resulting blissful silence is all that could be wished for. But when the time comes for junior to go home the toy cannot be prised from him. So it has to be bought.

One father told us that the first time his son had his hair cut he paid 10/6 for the toy, glad to have peace at any price. But he had quietly to tip off the barber next visit that toys in future must be about the 2/- mark.

Woman gardener worked at Cambridge

WE spent half an hour the other day with a girl who, during the war years, broke into one of the most conservative strongholds of masculinity in England—the Botanical Gardens attached to Cambridge University.

She is Isabel Parlby, the N.S.W. Department of Agriculture's new fruit-preserving officer, who during the war was in charge of the Cambridge Garden's seven greenhouses and directed a staff of four.

"The Gardens, a miniature Kew, supply the specimens for the botany students and had to be kept going," she said. "So the authorities had to overcome their prejudices and appoint women to the staff when all the men were called up. I was the second engaged."

Miss Parlby, an English girl, is a trained horticulturist who holds the diploma of Swanley Horticultural College—in her time an all-women college of 70 students but now merged with the Wye Agricultural College connected with London University.

Established for over 50 years, Swanley gives to its three-year diploma students a first-year course of private fruit and vegetable growing, a second year of flower, rock, rose garden, and greenhouse work, and a third year devoted to market greenhouse growing of vegetables and flowers suitable for sale.

As fruit-preserving officer, Isabel Parlby answers the public's inquiries, conducts experiments, and goes to country centres giving lectures and demonstrations.

She has also taught gardening to the pupils of Constance Spry's finishing school in London, where the pupils learn flower arrangement, interior decoration, and French cooking.

Greek actors' Hamlet is "Antigone"

FORMER actress of the National Theatre of Greece and graduate of the Royal School of Dramatic Art, Athens, Greek actress Krinio Papas, with her actor-producer husband Mr. S. Moussouris, will give Sydney a performance of the classic Greek tragedy "Antigone," spoken in Greek.

"The supporting cast will be recruited from members of the Greek community," she said. "Our production will faithfully represent the very best traditions, while reflecting modern Greek theatre.

"Just as every actor of the English-speaking world wants to play Hamlet, so it is the height of the ambition of every Greek actor and actress to appear in 'Antigone,'" Krinio Papas said.

"We regard the serious Greek theatre as second to none. In 1939, while I was still a student, a company went to England and gave performances of three of the classic Greek tragedies. Shakespeare and Ibsen and Sophocles are continually performed. An Old Vic company recently played 'Hamlet' in Athens."

Before coming to Australia the Moussouris' took a Greek company to Abyssinia and gave a command performance of "Antigone" before the Emperor in an open-air theatre specially built for the occasion.

Miss Papas said that she took English lessons so that she could read Shakespeare and Shaw in the original.

* * *

WHY, we were asked, do women who are normally poised and self-possessed and don't in the least mind removing their gloves, hats, or coats, appear to lose every ounce of their normal calm as they sit nervily crumpling and uncrumpling their stockinged feet in a While-U-Wait shoe repairing parlor? Frankly, we don't know why. But until we get our own shoes back, we always feel the biggest fools on earth.

Lilliputian world in doll's house

A TWO-STORIED doll's house made by students of the Intensive Training School, Hobart, and furnished with miniature pieces collected in all parts of the world by Mrs. E. C. Baxter, has been exhibited three times for Tasmanian charities.

In the bedroom are oak twin beds, a wardrobe, a chest of drawers (all drawers work), and a writing bureau complete with reading lamp. The dressing table ornaments stand on hand-crocheted d'oyleys, each the size of threepence.

Occupying a prominent place in the lounge is a solid silver table and chair, presented by Lady Allardyce, wife of a former Governor of Tasmania.

The knives and forks came from Denmark and are an inch long. Kitchen utensils include a miniature mincer an inch high, a model ham, loaf of bread, plum pudding, meat sausage, and Christmas cake complete with decorations.

The doll's house was made in the first place at the request of Mary and Barbara Lehman, Mrs. Baxter's grandchildren. She hopes that in years to come they will present it to Hobart Museum.

* * *

DURING a medical check-over a Melbourne woman was asked by her doctor how many cigarettes she smoked per day. "Forty," came the prompt answer. "Then cut them down to twenty," he ordered. She promised to do this.

"It's no trouble," she confided to a friend later. "I only smoke twenty a day, but decided to tell him forty. I knew he'd tell me to halve my smoking."

"To tell you the truth—what originally attracted me to your mother were her red, rough hands."

The world's most romantic perfume

Phūl-Nānā

Let Phūl-Nānā fill your days and nights with magic . . . for in its sweet, disturbing fragrance there is an exotic mystery that seems to breathe unspoken words aloud . . . Phūl-Nānā . . . strange, compelling . . . to wear it is to invite romance. Make Phūl-Nānā *your* perfume . . . for today and every day!

PHŪL-NĀNĀ *by*

GROSSMITH *45 PICCADILLY LONDON, W.1*

Phūl-Nānā Perfume 2/- (*trial size*) 3/8, 5/-, 11/9, 18/6, 28/3. Talcum 3/10 (*tin*) 5/9 (*sifter bottle*). Bath Dusting Powder 13/- (*complete with velour puff*). Hair Oil 4/6. Liquid Brilliantine 4/6. Solid Brilliantine 4/6 (*jar*) 3/10 (*tin*). Soap 9/9 box of four cakes. 2/6 per cake. Bath Crystals 7/9. Face Powder 2/11.

You will also see the following Grossmith perfumes and toiletries on your beauty counter :— Shem-el-Nessim, Floral Perfumes, Old Cottage Lavender and Golden Still Eau de Cologne.

Distilled, sealed and packaged in England by J. GROSSMITH & SON LTD. Perfumers since 1835

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR: Robert Blau (Australia). GPO Box 4711 Sydney; 422, Collins St., Melbourne; GPO Box 1053N, Brisbane; GPO Box 354C, Adelaide; GPO Box N 1034, Perth; 41, Davey St., Hobart; 12, Derby St., Newcastle, N.S.W.

Yours for all Time...

"JEWELEX" movements are individually fashioned by the skilled hands of Swiss masters. The Federated Retail Jewellers' Association selected "JEWELEX" as the ultimate in watch value—so order in advance to avoid disappointment. Every model has a 15-jewelled lever movement—built for years of service.

Jewelex

Insignia of the Federated Retail Jewellers' Association. "JEWELEX" watches can only be purchased at jewellers displaying this sign.

JL. 4.8

Athletics—Cinderella of Australian Sport

Why does Australia measure up so badly with many less wealthy countries in its treatment of our Olympic and other athletes who go abroad to represent our country?

Read George Crawford's slashing commentary in December A.M. on this niggardly and short-sighted policy. You'll get a new appreciation of our athletes' many problems.

December A.M. now on sale. One shilling at all newsagents.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785113

CHRISTMAS – Behind the toy co

Salesgirls need good feet and a ro of humor to cope with job

During the Christmas shopping rush the biggest crowds and the most fun are to be found in the toy departments. Staff reporter Helen Frizell spent two days as a salesgirl in one of these. Here is her story.

By staff reporter HELEN FRIZELL

UNDER THE COUNTER David Holden (4) lifts up a box to see what is inside. He'll have to tell Santa what he wants for Xmas, and it's just as well to make sure.

FRENCH DOLLS are shown to Pamela Huntingford and her mother by staff reporter Helen Frizell. When wound up, dolls walk with heel-toe movement.

CHRISTMAS to the busy salesgirl means tired feet, frayed tempers, lost children to be returned to parents — and humor.

I learned this when I became one of the hundreds of temporary salesgirls who work in Australian department stores every December.

My objective was the Toy Department at David Jones' store in Sydney, and, after some training, I finally made it. Wearing a black dress (borrowed) and a pair of sensible, black, laced-up shoes I fancied I looked very like a raven.

There were more than a hundred fellow-ravens rushing around the Toy Department, and by the 5.30 knock-off bell on the first day most of the new ravens were feeling their feet and croaking "Nevermore!"

The Toy Department is normally staffed with 14 girls during 11 months of the year. In December 100 more come on, giving the original 14 plenty of white hair and wrinkles.

Behind the jigsaw counter with me were Jay Cardwell, Judith Jacklin, and Joan Barr. Everyone in the store was called "Miss," even though they may have been married, with half-a-dozen youngsters. They stood behind the island counters after a rapid punch of the bundy before 9 a.m., and waited for the public to descend like locusts.

I stood there timidly with the others, flicking a duster over the shelves of ludo, snakes and ladders, dart games, and fiddlesticks.

After all, I'd never been any good at adding up or wrapping parcels, and the bright five minutes of music played before the customers came in didn't cheer me at all.

Then the music stopped, to be replaced by the sound of trampling feet hurrying out of lifts, stepping off escalators, racing up stairs.

"Here they come," I heard Joan Barr say. "Here they come, looking and feeling."

For, when the first wave of customers reached the department it split up into little streams of women, who started inspecting counters and fingering the goods for sale.

In five minutes they'd moved the fiddlesticks and put them next to the game of skittles. The jigsaw puzzles, formerly stacked neatly, were shoved around and rattled to see if the puzzle was made of wood or cardboard.

I heard a voice in my ear: "How much is this jigsaw?"

"I'll find out, Madam," I said cautiously, turning the box all ways and finding a price ticket underneath. "That's 6/10!"

"Well, what's **in** the box?" she asked, despite my feeble pointing to a picture on the lid. So I had to rip off the paper enclosing the lid. The customer peeped inside.

"Very nice," she said. "I think I'll have that. No, not that one. I'd like one that hasn't been opened."

My mouth opened, ready to say, "But you opened it yourself," but I shut it and presented Madam with another jigsaw.

I got over the little hurdle of cash and receipts, and stood around watching mothers approaching with children tethered to them by hand or reins.

The drill was to sneak up on a hapless mother and say smilingly: "Can I help you, Madam?"

Just looking

THE answer to that question never varied.

"No thank you," the mother would mutter, "I'm just looking around."

Being of a statistical frame of mind after a day in the store, I estimated that we said, "Can I help you, Madam?" fully 5000 times a day. Whether she bought something or not, Madam's favorite reply seemed to be, "I'm just looking, thank you."

One gave a bewildered explanation: "I've got six grandchildren, dear. Now, there's Bobby, aged eight, and Carolyn, who's three. They have a lot of toys, so it wouldn't be any use giving them anything. I mean to say, it would have to be different."

Most informative.

But, on the whole, the customers were agreeable and pleasant.

They seemed to realise that I

was new, a
I unstuc
sticky pap
string wit
Many
children.
approache
crumpled
what they
and check
them. It
Then th
who pran
asked to
game there
they'd dem
If I bem
a twinkle
fectly wel
than two
move on.
Toy ani
were very
little girl
where the
"She's
'Mr. Jose
the mother
"and she
monkey."
"Mr. Jo
was a film
giant gorill
little girl
the toy
Still I
clutched
"I love
Joseph Yo
is brown."
Her mo
haps Sant
black eye
the girl's
Young, ju
"Sure
hurried a
son was in
tots.
Back a
Cardwell
"You k
said, "
darts you
a target.
parcel and
against a
something
"I turne
silly lookin
her hand,
with the to
"I didn
said. 'I was
and I mis
you.'

HE'S HAD IT. Ross Woods (18 months) sleeps in his stroller, not realising that Santa Claus himself has come to see him. Many grown-ups in store envied Ross his sleep and his stroller. Most parents took children shopping in cool suits or dresses, worn with sandals on bare feet.

BIG - EYED CHILDREN queue up to meet Santa. Most clutch mother by Others, like the little girl, are thrilled to marrow; some are timid and bite lips or fi whispering confidences into Santa's ear. Photographs by staff photogra

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785114

unter

oust sense

, waited patiently while ckyself from a roll of ans or broke a length of nthe heel of my shoe.

the customers were . rious-faced little girls ho with ten shilling notes d their hands. They knew hewanted, paid promptly, ecd the change I gave It s just as well.

the were other children ans up to the counter and to the most expensive rene "How do you play it?" lemd.

ses to tell them they'd get le their eye, knowing per- ecfect they had no more o billings with them, and n.

anals made in England ry popular. A woman and rl came in and asked me he monkeys were.

been to see the film sepa Young of Africa,'" said mth indicating her child, be set her heart set on a

Josh Young," I recalled, fin about a night-clubbing orld I said that perhaps the rl ould be disappointed in monkeys stocked.

I showed them and the child d a gingerish monkey.

ve monkeys!" she said, "Mr. Yong was black. This one n."

mother looked at me. "Per- ntaClaus will bring you a one," she said, disengaging s arms and putting Joseph junr, back on the table.

" I said, as the two awed to where Santa in per- interviewing a queue of little

at the island counter, Jay ll at looking cross.

know that dart set?" she the me with rubber-tipped ou it in a gun and fire at . Jay was just wrapping up a and I felt something sting my arm, and then heard g bounce on the floor.

rnround and there was a kid customer with a gun in nd and her head just level e top of the counter."

idn't mean to hit you,' she wa ust firing at the targets, nd at them and the dart hit

PROSPECTIVE OWNER OF A DOLL. Innes McLaren (5) gazes at a counter full of baby dolls.

"I just told the customer, 'Madam, a toy department is no place to fire guns.' And she went for the lick of her life," said Jay, displaying her bruised arm to us.

But incidents like that didn't often happen. Things went smoothly along, and very smoothly if the customer happened to be a man.

Miss May Johns, who had been in the department for a year, said: "There's nothing like a man customer! He won't dither around, but he'll pick up the first thing he sees, bring it over, and say: 'This is it. Wrap it up.'"

Unusual toys

MISS JOHNS, who also sells the monkeys, mentioned before, has countless customers who pick up monkeys and say: "I think I'll get this for my nephew Willie. It's the image of him!"

Mr. J. Malcolm, head of the Toy Department, was enthusiastic about some of the more unusual toys, and a toy Austin car in particular.

"The British Government was asked to provide work for dusted miners in Wales, and a factory was set up at Swansea to make these cars. They're a copy of the Austin which broke speed records in the United States.

"The toy cars have steel panelling, proper steering wheels, pneumatic tyres, brake drums, spark plugs, and axles. And the cost? £49/17/-."

Other intriguing British toys are the mobile horse and snail, while France has exported wonderful walking-dolls.

Strangely enough, adults are more destructive than children, according to Mr. Malcolm.

"When a child has a toy for Christmas," he said, "she'll take care of it, until Mum or Dad comes along and starts to play, too. That's when the breakage happens."

But, as the tension and pace increase leading up to Christmas, the salesgirls envy the children who play with floating toys in a tank of water set up in the department.

Humorous Miss Anne Jackson, a sponsor in the department, told me: "The girls will be so hot-headed by Christmas that they'll probably have to dip their heads in the pond. I'm looking forward to Christmas Eve When the last customer has gone we'll all sit round the pond and dangle our feet in the water."

But, after my short stay there, I know that's not what the salesgirls will do. They'll be working flat out until the knock-off bell, marking up sales, cajoling cranky customers, and worrying about their own Christmas presents.

And when the bell does go they'll punch the bundy and race downstairs and out into the street—not dressed in raven-black but looking fresh and attractive in bright frocks that hang in steel lockers ready for gay occasions.

"GEE, I'D LIKE THAT." Five-year-old Graham Holford turns round a corner and comes upon a huge bear.

"WELL! WOULDN'T IT!" says Robert Mapledoran as he watches Jeanette Poole take his rubber ball and sit on it. Then he wandered off to peep in showcases. Cleaning fingermarks off showcases is daily chore for girls.

hand for reassurance. nails. Soon they'll be Ron Berg.

WHAT'S THAT? Toddler, Douglas Frater, is intrigued with bright red-and-yellow painted snail. Children ride it by sitting on its back, grasping horns, and pushing its head down. Another favorite toy to ride is the Mobo-Horse.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785115

Mrs. Jack Davey

(wife of famous RADIO STAR) says:

"Here's a new breakfast taste sensation—

Kellogg's BRAN FLAKES"

WHAT DO YOU SEE — when you open the packet? You see crisp, firm, honey-brown *flakes*.

WHAT HAPPENS — when you add milk? Each flake *stays* crisp and firm. They don't lie down or go limp and soggy.

DELICIOUS!

the best part of Wheat with Bran added

You get that new, exciting flavour in a flash. Like Mrs. Jack Davey — you never knew that wheat could taste as wonderful as this! Suddenly you realise that the added bran makes as much difference to wheat *as butter makes to dry bread!*

And, now for the first time you are getting the full value of nourishing, sun-ripened wheat, PLUS the gentle laxative properties of bran. Ask for Kellogg's Bran Flakes. Serve them to *all* your family.

Kellogg's BRAN FLAKES

MILDLY LAXATIVE — specially good for children

BF4

for a MAN-SIZE Christmas PRESENT

it must be Polo HANDKERCHIEFS

GUARANTEED FAST COLOURS—AVAILABLE LEADING STORES

The Perfect Hostess

Completely detailed plans for parties . . . plans that are practical, easy to follow, and which make entertaining a delight, are contained in "Cookery for Parties."

The food schemes delight the eye and palate, but are definitely not expensive.

"Cookery for Parties" should be in every home.

At all newsagents and bookstalls 2/-.

fortuna GUARANTEED coloured sheets

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, together with lovely
PRINCESS NARDA: Arrived at the Kingdom of Karana, ruled by
KARA and KARON: Who are twin sister and brother. The twins fall in love with Mandrake and Narda. Under the country's law, if one weds, the other must quit the throne and go into exile, so each plans to marry first. Karon kidnaps Narda, and hides her in a huge jar. But when he comes to marry her, he gets a shock. NOW READ ON:

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785116

REMINDER!

You'll never have that "LEFT-OUT FEELING"

SOMETIMES the prettiest girl is "left out of things" — and all because she's guilty of the fault people don't overlook! So guard *well* against underarm odour *never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum.*

For sure, long-lasting protection against offending, remember: Mum's formula is modern, unique. Silky-smooth Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. So, be a safety-first girl—make every day Mum day.

—keeps you nice to be near

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785117

There's bad news for all kinds of insect pests in every bottle of MORTEIN PLUS. IT kills quickly and surely and keeps on killing for weeks after spraying. MORTEIN PLUS contains quick-acting Pyrethrum and EXTRA D.D.T. It's harmless to humans and pets.

WHEN YOU'RE ON A GOOD THING—

STICK TO IT!

Mortein plus

HERCO SKIN LOTION CONTAINS Olive Oil

ASK FOR THE ROUND BOTTLE WITH THE ORANGE LABEL

OLIVOL CREAM IN TUBES

3oz bottles 2/- 6oz 3/- tubes 1/6.

Justice MacGruder Presides

Continued from page 5

SARCASTICALLY, Justice MacGruder replied, "That clarifies everything."

"She means Jack and Harriet," Jimmy explained. "When they were first married they always used to be setting off into the wilderness. They're the adventurous type. This particular Saturday they asked me to drop over. When I got there I found a note pinned to her. They said there was a gold rush on in Manitoba or British Columbia or somewhere. They weren't very exact. They said to take care of Consuelo until they got back in a few weeks with a sack full of gold. That was a month and a half ago."

"He makes it sound very logical," protested Betty. "I told him the Obermans had no right to leave us with a child on our hands. After all, what do I know about looking after babies?"

"And I consider marriage a sacred thing, too," said Jimmy. "To me a woman who doesn't like babies is inhuman."

"Your Honor," protested Betty, "I do too like babies. At the same time, I don't see why I have to take care of other people's children just because my husband brings them home."

"Is this your principal complaint, madam—that your husband brought home a child?"

"Don't forget the owl," said Jerold.

"My principal complaint!" Betty exclaimed. "I haven't even spoken of Mrs. Minniver yet. It was when he came home with Mrs. Minniver that I knew I had to get a divorce."

"She is trying to create a false impression, Your Honor," said Jimmy. "I did not bring Mrs. Minniver home. I took her to Uncle Harry's place."

"That's right," declared Uncle Harry, trying to loosen his collar.

"And may I ask who you are?" demanded Justice MacGruder.

"Me? I'm Uncle Harry."

The judge looked to heaven for help, but there was none forthcoming. In measured tones that were obviously an exhibition of his ability to control his temper, he said, "If you are a witness for the respondent, you will have ample opportunity to testify when he presents his rebuttal."

"Maybe so," said Uncle Harry, "but in the meantime I am stuck with this Mrs. Minniver. I told Jimmy my garage was no place to bring her. But he says to me, 'You just take care of her a few weeks for me, Unc. You know how narrow-minded Betty is.'"

"I'm narrow-minded!" Betty Williams exploded. "Well, of all the—" She spluttered for lack of words.

"Well, you are narrow-minded," insisted Jimmy. "I spent only my own money for her. The trouble with you, you don't understand a man's feelings in a situation like this. You don't understand how—"

Justice MacGruder pounded his desk with the ink bottle.

"Williams," he said, "if what I suspect is true, we can make short work of this case. I am going to ask you a simple question, and I want a forthright answer. Do you hold an affection for the aforesaid Mrs. Minniver to detriment to the reputation of your wife, Bettina Williams, the complainant in the proceeding?"

"I certainly do not, Your Honor," Jimmy replied. "Naturally I'm fond of her. I put my arms around her and kiss her once in a while. So would you if you knew her."

"I told him not to bring her to my garage," said Uncle Harry. "A garage is no place for a horse, Your Honor. I told Jimmy a thousand times—"

"A horse!" said Justice MacGruder.

"She's not a horse," said Jimmy. "She's a thoroughbred. She's registered in both the American and English Stud Books. She's a maiden."

"And how did you happen to acquire this—this thoroughbred?" Justice MacGruder asked.

"Look, Judge," said Homestretch Kelso. "Can I testify now? I can tell you exactly how it happened. I was standing in the paddock, and this Oscar sidles up and he says, 'They're pretty, ain't they' So I says, 'Yeah.' So he says, 'Especially that one with the lovely eyes.' I says, 'Yeah,' just to see what his drift is. So he says, 'How much do horses like that cost?' So I says, 'Them donkeys is maidens.'

"He is kind of surprised, so I patiently explain that a maiden is a horse that ain't ever won a race. I says the way you buy donkeys like that is to put in a claiming bid. Maybe, I says to myself, he is a new badge on the look-out for someone, and is just acting dumb.

"'What's the name of the one with the lovely eyes?' he says, and I says, 'That's Mrs. Minniver. She hasn't won a race in thirty-one starts. Anybody who wants to file a bid of eight hundred bucks with the stewards can own her in about twenty minutes.' So off he goes, and that's the last I know until this sheriff hands me the paper."

"I couldn't help it," said Jimmy. "Old Man Harrington sent me out to Greenmeadow to make some munchion estimates, and I thought I'd stay and look around. I hadn't ever been to a race track. The minute I looked into Mrs. Minniver's eyes, I realised that she needed me."

"And from then on he's been spending half his time down at Uncle Harry's garage, carrying her and feeding her oatmeal and cream," said Betty. "While I sit home and take care of Consuelo."

GEORGE JERROLD broke in, saying: "It should be perfectly clear by now that this charming young woman, with all her life before her, must be freed of the shackles that chain her to this irresponsible person who thinks more of the horse Mrs. Minniver than he does of her. I——"

"That's bunk, your Honor," said Jimmy. "I'm nuts about Betty and I always was. The truth of the matter is, this Jerrold is soft on my wife. Even in high school he'd fall all over himself whenever she let him carry her books. Why, he even——"

"Please, Your Honor," interrupted Homestretch Kelso, "with all due respect to everybody, I got a business to take care of and it's already post time for the third. Can I make a fade-out?"

"You stay where you are," said Justice MacGruder. He turned to Jimmy. "What do you intend to do with this horse, this Mrs. Minniver, now that you've bought her?"

"Well, Your Honor, I'll tell you," said Jimmy. "When I looked into her eyes, I knew why she had been in thirty-one races without ever winning."

"Why?"

"She can't see out of one of them. The left one."

"How is it the veterinarians didn't know she was blind?" asked MacGruder.

"Can I ask a question?" interrupted Betty.

"Of course."

"What has Mrs. Minniver being blind in one eye got to do with my divorce?"

"It's a mild ophthalmia due to B complex deficiency," said Jimmy. "And it's not so easy to detect. I'm giving her wheat germ and oatmeal, and at night I feed her lettuce and asparagus tips."

Please turn to page 35

ADD Mylady's "Camouflage"

TO YOUR MAKE-UP

An antiseptic cream that

HEALS WHILE IT CONCEALS

Handbag Size 1/6 Everywhere

I HEARD MY BOSS TELLING HIS WIFE

—THAT IF I COULD MANAGE TO LOOK SO SMARTLY DRESSED ON MY WAGE . . . WHY COULDN'T SHE ON HIS!

BUT THEY DON'T KNOW MY SECRET!

ANY WOMAN CAN HAVE PLENTY OF PRETTY FROCKS LIKE MINE IF SHE USES

GILSEAL DYES

THEY'RE SO SIMPLE TO USE, AND SAVE HER YOUR CHEMIST'S TECHNICAL HELP IS . . . .

FREE

"DUMPY" JARS AND "HANDSTUBES" IN ALL WANTED SHADES—EVERYWHERE

COOKERY FOR PARTIES

An Australian Women's Weekly Publication. Invaluable to all who entertain at home.

All newsagents and bookstalls 2/-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785118

Justice MacGruder Presides

Continued from page 34

SIGHING deeply, Justice MacGruder reminded Jimmy, "You haven't said what you intend to do with the animal. After all, you cannot train a racehorse in a garage."

"That's what I keep telling him," said Uncle Harry.

"Somebody'll have to take this baby," Grandma Stevens announced. "And I mean right now!"

"All right," said Betty. "I have a change in my suitcase. May I, Your Honor?"

"Hrumph," said Justice MacGruder. "Naturally. Coming back to, ah—what is the infant's name?"

"Consuelo Oberman."

"Consuelo Oberman. Where did you say the parents were?"

"We don't know," said Jimmy. "Up in the Canadian Rockies. They'll be back. They always come back."

"It seems to me that we have here a case of abandonment in the statutory sense of the word," declared MacGruder. "I consider that this infant should be made the ward of the county until such time as the rightful parents materialise."

Betty looked from Grandma Stevens to Jerrold to Jimmy. "But—well, if Consuelo has to go to an orphanage, then I don't want a divorce. I'll—well, I'll get it some other time. I'll get it after Jack and Harriet come home. Why, how would anyone know that at two-thirty every afternoon she has to have orange juice or she gets in a terrible temper?"

"The court," said MacGruder, "will take under advisement the proper disposition of Consuelo Oberman. At this time counsel may move for dismissal, as the complainant, Mrs. Williams, has so requested."

"Okay," said Jerrold glumly. "I respectfully move that the court adjourn the proceeding."

Justice MacGruder nodded at Betty. "Technically, you have the right to ask for adjournment of the proceeding. However, counsel's motion is denied. I want to ask the respondent some further questions. Exactly what do you mean by a mild ophth—whatever it is?"

"Ophthalmia. It's an affliction to which improperly fed animals are subject. If the animal is young enough — Mrs. Minniver, for instance, is a three-year-old—it readily yields to expert treatment."

"And where did you acquire all this professional knowledge?"

Jimmy looked down at his feet modestly. "I'm a sort of animal lover. It more or less comes naturally to me. I guess if I wasn't a draftsman, I'd probably like to be a vet. All an animal and I have to do is look at each other to reach an understanding."

Justice MacGruder fingered his chin speculatively. Somewhat hesitantly he leaned over and addressed his next question in a lowered voice. "Er, I've, ah, heard a good bit of conversation on the subject of whether animals, ah, are able to talk to certain people. Are there substantial grounds for supposing that animals can communicate verbally, or is this just so much—ah—poppycock?"

"Poppycock, Judge," said Jimmy.

"And you can state this with positive assurance?"

"Of course, your Honor. They don't need to talk. They're born speaking the language of love. A gentle stroke on the cheek, and where is the need for words?"

"And when have you last spoken this lovely language in the presence of Mrs. Williams?"

"I don't understand you, Judge."

"You testified but a moment ago that you are—what was the phrase you used?—nuts about your wife. What efforts have you recently employed to assure this little lady of your affection?"

"Well, your Honor, the truth of the matter is that I've been sleeping for the last couple of nights in the office of Uncle Harry's garage. She—I mean Betty—told me I had to choose between her and Mrs. Minniver. I couldn't figure out why I had to give up a horse because my wife was jealous of her. Some of the most respected men in the country keep a horse and a wife at the same time. She just got so nasty about it I decided to move to the garage."

"Stand up?" said Justice MacGruder.

"Yes, sir."

"It is my considered opinion that your conduct towards your wife has been reprehensible, if not downright cruel. It is perfectly apparent that you are unaware of your marital responsibilities. It is impossible to look upon this charming young lady and not agree that she has been ill-treated, neglected, and abused. Do you still contest the granting of a decree?"

"Doggone it, of course I do!" Jimmy exclaimed. "Why should we get a divorce when I love Betty and Betty loves me?"

"Why can't she get out and walk?"

Justice MacGruder turned to Mrs. Williams. "The respondent alleges categorically that you still harbor sentiments of enduring affection for him. Is this true or isn't it?"

Betty turned to Jerrold. "I didn't quite catch that."

"He wants to know," said Jerrold, "if you're still in love with Jimmy."

"Look, Your Honor!" wailed Homestretch Kelso. "I——"

Justice MacGruder blinked at Kelso over his glasses. "If you don't sit back in your seat and keep quiet I'll have you locked up. You were about to say, Mrs. Williams?"

"Yes, I suppose I am in love with him, Your Honor," she said. "But I want a little security in life. I'd like to know what to-morrow is going to bring. After all, I'm only human."

"Williams," said Justice MacGruder severely, "you have heard the testimony of your wife. She says she is only human. My advice to you is to go over and speak to her in the language of love. Stroke her gently upon the cheek and kiss her. When the effect of this has taken place, ask her to forgive you."

"Your Honor, I protest!" exclaimed Jerrold. "My client came in here for a divorce, not a kiss. On her behalf, I refuse to settle for a kiss."

"Tell me, Counsellor," said Justice MacGruder, "exactly what is your interest in complainant?"

"Me? Now, wait a minute. It's this Williams guy's imagination running away with him. I've got a girl of my own. I had to take some kind of a case to get started, didn't I? He's just a sorehead because I beat him in the sixty-yard hurdles."

The complainant was wiping lipstick from the respondent's chin when Justice MacGruder summoned them to stand before him.

"Decree denied," he announced. Addressing Betty, he said: "I feel sure, from the evidence I have just seen, that you are willing to effect a reconciliation with your husband. But, in order that the matter of Mrs. Minniver may be adjudicated to the satisfaction of the court, I order the respondent to remain in my chambers for a little talk."

"You will see that something is done about the horse?" said Betty.

"That's just what I have in mind."

"And I can keep Consuelo until the Obermans get back?"

"The complainant's request is granted. The rest of you may go."

Homestretch made for the door. "Not you," commanded the judge. "I told you to remain in your seat."

WHEN the others had gone, MacGruder motioned for Jimmy to sit up beside him. "Did I understand you correctly when you stated a few moments ago that you have only to look at an animal to reach a perfect understanding?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, about Mrs. Minniver. How is her eye coming along?"

"Fine," said Jimmy.

"And have you, ah, engaged in any of this telepathic communication with regard to her, shall we say, fitness to engage in racing competition?"

"I think she's in condition to race the legs off anything in this part of the country."

"Exactly," murmured Justice MacGruder, rubbing his hands together. "Now, ah—suppose I supplied the wherewithal to enter her in a few forthcoming matches. Suppose Homestretch here, who is a canny student of horseflesh, got her into running shape. How would a three-way split of the purses strike you?"

"Fine," said Jimmy. "But how would it strike my wife? After all, I don't want to be up here a month from now defending another divorce suit."

"Have no fear on that score," said Justice MacGruder. "You just go home and converse with her in the language of love, and Kelso and I will attend to all the outside details."

"That's right," said Homestretch, a peculiar light in his eyes.

"Anyway," added his Honor, "as long as she has George Jerrold for an attorney she'll never get a divorce, take my word for it."

"Well, I don't know," Jimmy murmured uncertainly. "You saw what she's like when she's aroused."

"Look," said Homestretch, consulting his watch. "The fifth at Greenmeadow is over and done with. Why don't we go down to Uncle Harry's garage and look this nag over?"

"That's an excellent suggestion," said Justice MacGruder. "The proceeding is closed."

(Copyright)

It makes any type of mattress far more comfy

Made in England

All leading furniture manufacturers are fitting Vono Spring bases to their beds. Or you can buy a separate Vono Spring base, put it on your present bed, and greatly increase your sleeping comfort.

At all leading stores.

Note this drawing of the Vono Spring base. Supporting cross bars take care of the heavy part of the body but are not used under the head or feet, where little weight has to be supported. A feeling of resting on air results. Any mattress can be used on a Vono Spring base but greatest comfort comes with a Vono Inner Spring mattress *made in England.*

Buy the bed fitted with the

VONO SPRING BASE

There is a Vono Spring Base for all standard size beds

Sole Australian Agents: Bunge (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785119

ANACIN
STOPS PAIN
FASTER

because it's like a doctor's prescription

Anacin is just like a doctor's prescription for headaches, toothaches, neuralgia, colds, influenza, periodical pains, sciatica, lumbago and muscular aches and pains.

Like a doctor's prescription, Anacin Tablets contain not one, but a *combination* of four medically proven active ingredients. These ingredients combine to bring faster, longer lasting relief — whilst doing away with any undesirable after-effects. Get Anacin today and notice the difference.

ANACIN TABLETS STOP PAIN FASTER

THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY
A.M.
Australia's Leading Monthly Magazine

Packed with features, fiction, and sporting articles of absorbing interest to Australian men and women. You'll like it

At all Newsagents and Bookstalls **1/-**

A Lot In Common

Continued from page 7

PUTTING into his voice the conclusiveness that she had in hers, John said, "Anyway, this lot can't seriously interest you. The price is much too high."

"How high?"

"Nine thousand dollars."

"Really? I thought it would be eleven." Reworking her drawing, "Nine's quite reasonable if you put up the right building. It's a matter of balancing costs with yield."

"What do you call the right building?"

"Not less than four flats. If possible, six."

"Oh! Good grief! This site calls for a very special sort of house. One-story, broad, low, flat-roofed, with floor-to-ceiling glass walls on three sides . . ."

"Glass on three sides? You are nuts. One story on a nine-thousand-dollar lot? Where would be your yield?" She added two more floors to her design—dashed them in emphatically. "Anyway, you think up your house and I'll think up mine, and the lot will still be knee-deep in weeds. For I haven't the nine thousand either." She looked at her watch. "Time to roll my hoop. Good-bye, poet."

"I don't happen to be a poet. I'm in advertising."

"Who with?"

"Chester, Devers & Kent."

"Good firm. When you need printing fast but very, very good, we can do it." She gave him a card. It said: Barham Printing Company, and in one corner: Henrietta Kittrick, Estimator. She pushed off up the path, waved and disappeared.

Back at the office, John Malcolm found a note on his desk: "Mr. Devers wants you at once." With the slight revulsion that he always felt when he confronted that mahogany door, he turned its knob.

"Malcolm! Get busy on this!" Bill Devers was about thirty, and he looked forty. He had set out to make a quarter million and retire, but now he had three-quarters of a million and ulcers. He kept memo pads and pencils beside his bed, in the bathroom, on the dashboard of his car, in the saddle of his horse.

"I want to give Sunglow a new tangle," he said. "A colossal new contest for pie recipes. Malcolm, knock off some homey copy with a punch in every line. Copy about the Sunglow line of pie fillings that can be tasted by the reader right to his back teeth."

When in one of his creative spasms, Devers could fling off ideas like sparks from a pinwheel, and for two days John Malcolm scarcely had time to say hello to Marjorie Isham, and she to do more than a nod.

Then Devers' ulcers took charge for an interim, and John caught Marjorie with her hands in her lap, and he said, "You know what? You like to dance."

"Naturally."

"I mean ballet. You'd like to be a ballerina."

Her eyes widened. "How did you know that? I am taking the basic exercises. Do they show in my legs?"

"Don't be silly . . . you suntan gorgeously, too."

"You're wonderful! Does working in a business like this make you able to see—right through things? There's not much left now. But last summer I looked like a chocolate bar—really was good."

"And you have a yen to paint."

This time the grey-green eyes really stared. "Are you a thought-reader, or what? I don't paint, but I etch. And color 'em."

"And you shine at cooking."

She looked relieved. "Wrong at last! You were beginning to scare me. The only thing I can wring out of a stove is an angel cake. Though I'm pretty good at that."

John Malcolm decided it was time to touch something solid. The golden oak desk was solid.

"You have the look of a hungry woman, Loris," he said.

"Marjorie Isham is the name."

"Never mind . . . Will you lunch with me? I know an Italian restaurant that I bet you've never been to."

"I adore quaint foreign places."

"I'll be in a cab across the street when you come out."

After pizza and red wine over a red-checked tablecloth, its spots concealed by the murk of a basement, he took her to the flight of zigzag wooden steps and pointed up. "How about it?"

"What are we waiting for?"

Her elbow didn't need his clasp, but her hand did. She chatted interestingly when they talked of Devers; chummily when he told of his novel; merrily when he mentioned Sunglow pie filling.

On the ninety-fifth step, which was a landing, they paused and looked back over the roof of the coffee factory and down on the decks of ships.

At the two hundred and sixteenth step they struck off by the transverse path, and two hundred yards farther they came to it. The lot.

She stopped before it, speechless.

John Malcolm was relieved to note that the chronic intruder, whom he'd come to call The Kittrick, wasn't there.

MARJORIE-LORIS began to make happy humming sounds.

"Like it?" he asked.

She nodded as if the question was utter nonsense. "It's exactly what I've wanted all my life."

It was enough for one day. Proving the fact, Henrietta Kittrick came walking round the path from the other direction. The Kittrick. The bus rider. The six-story-flat planner.

The rival admirer of this lot, who never chatted interestedly except when she talked of yield; chummily except when mention of Chester Devers & Kent suggested possible printing; merrily except when John spoke of walls of glass. Who'd probably never taken time out in all her busy young life to determine whether she suntanned beautifully or unbeautifully, or only freckled. Who'd scorn, likely as not, to bake an angel cake, but who would probably offer to knock you out a batch of big, rugged, baylike oatmeal cookies.

Henrietta smiled to John and considered Marjorie with an estimator's scrutiny.

FINALLY Henrietta flashed John her radiant approval. John had to admit that she was genuinely pretty as she released that "bless-you-my-children" beam.

Then The Kittrick sat down on the wooden box, and, her nicely filled hosiery carefully emplanted above the cucumber vines, went to work on a pad of paper.

John and Marjorie were back at the office by two. Notes from Bill Devers were all over their desks. Devers had got the better of his eternal war with his innards, and had decided that he didn't care for the recipe contest. He was twirling the crank of his idea magneto again.

He really whirred it. Not in three days did John Malcolm get a chance to lunch with Marjorie. Her nose scarcely lifted from her typewriter except at Devers' insatiable *buzz*.

She's learning, thought John dismally, why Devers' secretaries always quit one jump ahead, if that, of a shrieking breakdown. The question is: How soon will she have had enough? His own nights were filled with work, and if he did offer to chuck it all in return for a date, his proposals collided with her ballet lessons.

On the third day, to clear his aching head, he tore himself from his desk and took the restorative jaunt up the hill. He picked up a couple of apples to lunch on.

It was one of The Kittrick's days there, too—or was she always there? She was hard at her diagramming. There was fog in the sky, a grey, chill pall, but her skin seemed to respond to it, even to rejoice in it. Her color had never been higher. Maybe she was one of these people who show up best in foul weather. The salt wind plucked at her dark hair, flung out banners of it.

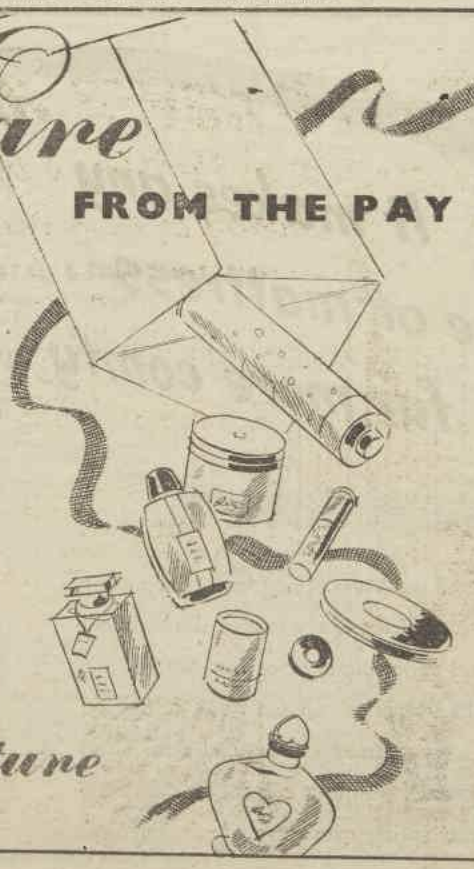
She looked up, saw his apples, reached for one unceremoniously. Her body, when it stretched, had lithe, supple lines. She let him have an end of the box to sit on and motioned to her packet of sandwiches. She went on with her drawing.

Please turn to page 37

Beauty Care
FROM THE PAY ENVELOPE

Nothing ages a woman more quickly than worry—worry about her position in life, her possessions, her family responsibilities, her future.

These worries are mostly caused by uncertainties about money, but if those uncertainties are removed, the worries disappear . . . The only sure way for most of us to accumulate money for the future is to **save.** Even small amounts saved regularly from every week's income steadily increase to worthwhile amounts. With every passing week the total grows till you find yourself in possession of a comforting sum which proves that such saving will end money worries. Regular saving from your weekly income now will do more to keep you youthful than the most expensive beauty aids ever devised. Start the treatment this week.



SAVE THIS WAY

1. Buy only what you really need. Avoid luxuries. Get full value.
2. Buy for cash always.
3. Settle your debts—then pay your way.
4. Join a National Savings Group.
5. Build up your Savings Bank Account.
6. Make Fixed Deposits with your Bank.
7. Invest in Commonwealth Loans.
8. Increase your life assurance.

SAVE
for a happy future

Authorised by the Treasurer of the Commonwealth.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785120

A Lot In Common

Continued from page 36

JOHN wanted, desperately, to tell someone how sunk he was. Since The Kittrick had seen Marjorie and appreciated how beautiful she was, he wanted to discuss his situation with The Kittrick. He'd have preferred inviting her down to Mario's at the foot of the hill. But he ate her sandwich and she ate his apple, and they didn't speak.

During the next two days John Malcolm wrote and rewrote a piece of copy twenty-eight times for Sunglow peach pie filling. And, as never before, he craved air.

Marjorie was barricaded in with work. The silver bracelet and half a dozen more were jingling all over her typewriter.

"Walk?" he whispered without much hope.

She shook her lovely head. "Can't. Mr. Devers would have a stroke."

He sighed heavily, thought of what he could do with all the pie filling ever made by Sunglow if he had Devers on the receiving end, and slipped out.

He reached his lot, and The Kittrick was there, talking to Mr. Riley the fireman. She beckoned to John Malcolm. "He says somebody's been looking at the lot and asking who the agent is."

"I saw him planting stakes," said Mr. Riley.

Sure enough, there were stakes.

"I told him Mullen & Hale is the agent," the fireman added.

Henrietta Kittrick said to John Malcolm, "Well, what are you going to do?"

John's world was caving. "I don't know."

They parted, because The Kittrick made it so. As she neared the bend leading to the bus stop, she started sprinting. For a moment John was too interested in her method of progression to consider its meaning. She didn't paddle. She stepped right out like a thoroughbred. *Loris* herself couldn't have sliced the air more sweetly . . . Abruptly, awareness hit him as to why the burst of speed. He dashed down the path and took the steps by threes. Search for a taxi at the bottom used up anguishing minutes. His and The Kittrick's arrival at Mullen & Hale's was a dead heat. He glared at her malevolently. She viewed him with an amused cat-with-canary composure.

Mr. Hale smelled tension. "Now, now. Let's all be friends. That lot's been there for years and nobody's been after it before. Now there's this other fellow and here are two of you. The lot is twelve thousand dollars."

"Twelve!" John was stunned.

The Kittrick cried, "But it's not sold yet?"

"Not yet. It was nine thousand. Party offered seven. Penellipezzolo promptly told me to shove it up to twelve. If anybody still tries to haggle, it will go to thirteen. Penellipezzolo dislikes argument. But I'll let you in on a secret. The party that offered seven will be back with twelve. I've been in this game thirty years, and I know the look they get when something's pushing them."

The Kittrick became a rock-steady businesswoman. "See here, what deposit will spike it? Twelve hundred?"

"Why not try me?"

"I have six hundred in the bank," she said to John. "How about you?"

"Just about that."

"What are we waiting for, then? That lot's our private battle. Can't have anyone else mix in."

Mr. Hale duly acknowledged the two cheques.

It seemed to John that he and Henrietta Kittrick suddenly had a good deal of practical business to talk over. She thought so, too. He mentioned a Russian spot he knew, also a South American joint. She asked him what on earth was so wrong with plain American ham and eggs.

Nothing was wrong with plain American ham and eggs. In their stabilising presence, he and The Kittrick drew up a formal agreement. She had an earned interest in the printing plant that could be mortgaged for something under six thousand dollars. He had a just possibly sandbaggable relative. They'd meet to-morrow with the money in hand and take joint title, and whichever first proved able to buy out the other could do so for a ten per cent. bonus.

In the morning, whistling cheerfully, John turned into the office. He found Chester, Devers, & Kent in one of its frequent upheavals. Marjorie Isham had flung up her job, leaving her mountain of work to the rest of the girls. He also received other tidings and got the oak desk behind him for an instant. Marjorie had become Mrs. William Devers . . .

He pushed out of the office, down, out through the revolving door. The hill rose in the distance. He felt a complete aversion to those wooden stairs. Hailing a bus, he rode to the top.

As he reached the lot, to his astonishment, he met The Kittrick coming from the other direction.

"I thought I'd try the stairs today," she said. "Don't ask me why."

"Marjorie is married," announced John. "To Devers." He waited for her hoot.

Instead, the expression that flooded The Kittrick's face was a bath of pure radiance. It stirred a memory in him. There'd been a hint of that look the time he'd showed Marjorie Isham to her.

"Of course," she said to John now, gently. "It would be something like that."

Mr. Riley, the ex-fireman, came out and leaned over his fence. "The fellow was here again after you left. With an architect."

"He's too late," said John. "This lot has been spiked down by—er—Miss Kittrick and myself."

"No kidding?" cried the fireman. "Then he'll have some fast talking to do to the girl who brought him up here in the first place, if I know red-headed women. Did she have a determined gleam in her grey-green eyes?"

John stepped backward. His heel struck a small loose stone, and he went down, cracking his head on a large and firmly embedded rock. For a moment he was out like a light.

"Sit here on the box with him," Mr. Riley was directing Henrietta as he came to, "and kind of support him while I fetch a shot of brandy. . . . Funny thing how near a person can come to killing himself when he don't watch out."

When John felt better, he felt extremely better. Henrietta's suit was tweedy, but her clasp was resolute and containing. One of her hands passed gently back and forth over his brow. This beat anything he had ever imagined in the way of peace and general restoration. The brow-stroking hand knocked off and found pencil and paper and started making sketches.

"The way to work it," she said, "is to plunk a modernistic, one-story glass-walled penthouse right on top of the six-story flats. That way novels can come out of the one-decker and six steady rents out of the other floors. . . . Why, John! Who said you could do that?"

"Again," demanded John, gaining confidence with success . . . Where had brown hair and dark eyes been in his dreams all this while? Biding their time, probably. Waiting for that double-crossing redhead to have done with her imposture as the so-called Loris.

"He seems to be all right now," remarked Mr. Riley, who had returned just in time to observe the second kiss. And taking his bottle with him, he tactfully withdrew.

(Copyright)

BRISK BUSINESS

MANY desperate home-hunters and many breadwinners wanting to buy a business have found opportunities in the Classified Advertising section of the Daily Telegraph.

Remunerative investments and sales of real estate are being finalised daily as a result of details published in these columns.

Order your copy of the Daily Telegraph and make sure it is delivered each Wednesday morning to keep abreast of real estate, homes for rental, and business opportunities offering.

The section covers:

- **Real Estate Auctions.**
- **Businesses for Sale or Wanted**
- **Flats To Let or Wanted to Rent.**
- **Houses and Land Wanted to Buy or Sell.**
- **Station and Country Properties for Sale.**

Give her Charmosan this Xmas

A delightful gift of quality cosmetics

Charmosan gift boxes

In four sizes. Each with different contents

Look after your white shoes

with

Shu-Milk

It cleans as it whitens and won't rub off

AT ALL STORES

SMS-49

"I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED such fluffy-fresh blankets could be nearly 20 years old" exclaims Aunt Jenny

"How many hand-embroidered pillow shams are in such good condition as these after 18 years constant use?" *asks Mrs. Buckley.* "I made eleven pillow cases like that one years ago, and Velvet has kept them beautifully white all this time. Is it any wonder I use Velvet?"

"WELL, THE CREDIT GOES TO VELVET"

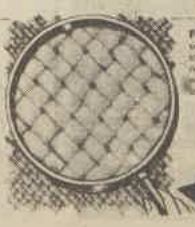
smiles Mrs. K. Buckley of 62 Canary Road, Lakemba, N.S.W.

"I bought this blanket 19 years ago" *Mrs. Buckley goes on,* "and it's still as new-looking as ever. The white one you're holding is 12 years old—just a youngster" *smiles Mrs. Buckley.* "I've always washed my blankets in Velvet, Aunt Jenny, and I know both of these still have plenty of life in them yet, because of Velvet's gentle care."

"My grandson Robert is curious why you're interested in his towel, Aunt Jenny. It was originally my own childrens' 20 years ago. And believe it or not, those sheets behind you I bought for 8/5—over ten years ago! Velvet certainly looks after your things, doesn't it?"

Pure, mild Velvet is so kind to your hands—so gentle to clothes. Here's why clothes last longer:

FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out, because they've been hard rubbed. And look at that dirt still ingrained in the weave.



FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SUDS—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new, year after year, because no hard rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra soapy suds.

Tune in every Mon. to Thurs. "Aunt Jenny's Real-Life Stories"

V.170.65W.W.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785121

Sure, it's a Summit!

Words of wisdom from Santa — "Be sure it's a Summit." You'll be proud when you give a "Summit" — it looks a good pen and IS a good pen.

. . with a GOLD NIB that puts character in writing.

Every Summit pen has the 14 ct. Gold iridium-tipped nib — choose the nib that suits your style of writing.

. . with the Eternite UNBREAKABLE CASE.

In rich two tones and black. Summit Pens stand up to hard handling.

. . Take it with you everywhere—it can't leak!

The cap and clip are precision-made so as you can carry securely in pocket or in ladies' handbag.

Be sure it's a SUMMIT

GUARANTEED ALL ENGLISH PENS

S160 38/-, S175, (lifetime guarantee) 50/-

AT ALL STORES, JEWELLERS AND STATIONERS

Don't forget my ROBOLEINE mummy!

Children love delicious Roboleine. It gives them just those nourishing elements their little systems require to build up bodily fitness and give them that *inner strength* to resist colds and infection.
Roboleine builds bone and muscle, and helps form rich red blood. No wonder doctors recommend Roboleine and use Roboleine for their own families.

Roboleine

THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

In 12-oz. and 36-oz. jars from all chemists

Agents for Australia: Muir & Neil Pty. Ltd., Sydney - Melbourne - Auckland

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

LONDON sportswear designers are highlighting feminine trends for active sport, and this week I suggest an attractive current tennis frock in response to a reader's request.

Dress-up for tennis

"COULD you advise me about a design for a tennis dress? I don't like the fashion of wearing shorts and a shirt on the court, yet I would hate to appear old-fashioned."

The fashion of a more dressy tennis dress, sponsored by Miss Gussie Moran this year at the Wimbledon championships, is being followed by designers of sports clothes. The result is a number of new ideas for active sports wear. A currently popular design is the dress with a shaped mid-riff band, tucks over the bustline, plus a six-panel skirt finishing two inches above the knees. The dress is sleeveless, and a scallop edging is used for around the armholes and hem. Another attractive design has a sleeveless square-necked bodice top, and finely pleated skirt. Most popular material is a lightweight cotton or sharkskin—most popular color, all white.

By the sea

"I AM seventeen and have been invited to a house party at the seaside for the New Year, and am not sure what would be suitable to take, apart from bathing things. I can, with my mother's help, make quite nice frocks, so please give me a few hints on the subject."

Cotton sun-dress with a contrasting or matching bolero is an outfit that can't miss at the seashore. It's pretty and practical, and can be worn anywhere any day while the sun shines. Have the dress of the ensemble made with a gathered skirt and finished with patch pockets and a collared halter-top bodice. Have the bolero really brief, cut away just over the bosom, no pads in the shoulders, and sleeves short.

TENNIS styles have a dressed-up look this year, and this one is very pretty and feminine.

● Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Another seaside fashion for the teenager is shorts and a shirt. Keep the shorts classic and finished with cuffs, and wear them with a cotton T shirt, with its tails tucked in or out, and waisted with a wide belt.

New and cool

"WOULD you give me a few suggestions for hot weather clothes to be made in light materials? I rather like the idea of a skirt and some type of separate top. Would also like suggestions for colors."

"Separates" are, and, I think, will continue to be, a very important and practical fashion. There is nothing like this fashion to achieve new ways with colors. You might, for instance, have a sleeveless blouse (very new and cool) to wear with a button-up-the-front linen skirt—blouse in pink and skirt in beige. To team up with the same skirt, a halter top in polka-dotted cotton, black spot on beige or red spots on white would be smart. A cool trio and one for a quite formal occasion could be a white eyelet piqué jacket worn with a black patent belt and white piqué skirt.

For next autumn

"COULD you solve my problem, please? At the beginning of January my dressmaker will make me an autumn suit in light wool, and as I don't know what types of suits will be new-looking for autumn, I thought you might offer a few suggestions. I don't want anything too tailored and severe."

Coming into fashion for autumn are suits with bloused jackets, jackets with hip accent created by large pockets, and the jacket styled with a lower waistline. The latter is achieved by a belt placed below normal waist level at the back. All skirts are slimmer and shorter.

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"PAT."—Smart one-piece dress is an adaptation of a French model and features a new neck and sleeve treatment. The material is a good quality linen obtainable in yellow, tan, natural, light pink, blue, turquoise, white, and brick.
Ready To Wear: Sizes 32, 34, and 36in. bust, £5/5/-. Postage 2/6 extra.
Cut Out Only: 32, 34, and 36in. bust, 79/11. Postage 2/6 extra.

"DOREEN."—An attractive afternoon dress. The material is a lovely faille obtainable in silver grey, smalti blue, pale green, comedy red, royal blue, nigger brown, navy, and black.
Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 73/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 75/11. Postage 2/6 extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 59/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 62/3. Postage 2/6 extra.

N.B.: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.
N.S.W.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 401G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 402F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 1088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785122

Crooked House

Continued from page 9

IT was over two years before I returned to England. They were not easy years. I wrote to Sophia and heard from her fairly frequently.

Her letters, like mine, were not love letters. They were letters written to each other by close friends—they dealt with ideas and thoughts and with comments on the daily trend of life.

Yet I know that as far as I was concerned, and I believed as far as Sophia was concerned, too, our feeling for each other grew and strengthened.

I returned to England on a soft grey day in September. The leaves on the trees were golden in the evening light. There were playful gusts of wind. From the airfield I sent a telegram to Sophia.

"Just arrived back. Will you dine this evening Mario's nine o'clock Charles."

A couple of hours later I was sitting reading "The Times"; and scanning the Births, Marriages, and Deaths column my eye was caught by the name Leonides:

On Sept. 19, at Three Gables, Swinly Dean, Aristide Leonides, beloved husband of Brenda Leonides, in his eighty-eighth year. Deeply regretted.

There was another announcement immediately below:

LEONIDES.—Suddenly, at his residence, Three Gables, Swinly Dean, Aristide Leonides. Deeply mourned by his loving children and grandchildren. Flowers to St. Eldred's Church, Swinly Dean.

I found the two announcements rather curious. There seemed to have been some faulty staff work resulting in overlapping. But my main preoccupation was Sophia.

Hastily, I sent her a second telegram: "Just seen news of your grandfather's death. Very sorry. Let me know when I can see you. Charles."

A telegram from Sophia reached me at six o'clock at my father's house. It said: "Will be at Mario's nine o'clock. Sophia."

The thought of meeting Sophia again made me both nervous and excited. The time crept by with maddening slowness. I was at Mario's waiting twenty minutes too early.

Sophia herself was only five minutes late.

It is always a shock to meet again someone whom you have not seen for a long time but who has been very much present in your mind during that period. When at last Sophia came through the swing doors our meeting seemed completely unreal.

She was wearing black, and that, in some curious way, startled me! Most other women were wearing black, but I got it into my head that it was definitely mourning—and it surprised me that Sophie should be the kind of person who did wear black—even for a near relative.

We had cocktails—then went and found our table. We talked rather fast and feverishly—asking after old friends of the Cairo days. It was artificial conversation, but it tided us over the first awkwardness.

I expressed commiseration for her grandfather's death, and Sophia said quietly that it had been "very sudden." Then we started off again reminiscing. I began to feel, uneasily, that something was the matter—something other than the first natural awkwardness of meeting again.

There was something wrong, definitely wrong, with Sophia herself. Was she, perhaps, going to tell me that she had found some other man whom she cared for more than she did for me? That her feeling for me had been "all a mistake?"

Somehow I didn't think it was that—I didn't know what it was. Meanwhile we continued our artificial talk.

Then, quite suddenly, as the waiter placed coffee on the table and retired leaving everything swung into focus. Here we were, Sophia and myself, sitting together as so often before at a small table in a restaurant. The years of our separation might never have been.

"Sophia," I said.

And immediately she said, "Charles!"

I drew a deep breath of relief.

"Thank goodness that's over," I said. "What's been the matter with us?"

"Probably my fault. I was stupid."

"But it's all right now?"

"Yes, it's all right now."

We smiled at each other.

"Darling!" I said. And then: "How soon will you marry me?"

Her smile died. The something, whatever it was, was back.

"I don't know," she said. "I'm not sure, Charles, that I can ever marry you."

"But, Sophia! Why not? Is it because you feel I'm a stranger? Do you want time to get used to me again? Is there someone else? No——" I broke off. "I'm a fool. It's none of those things."

"No, it isn't." She shook her head. I waited. She said in a low voice, "It's my grandfather's death."

"Your grandfather's death? But why? What earthly difference can that make? You don't mean—surely you can't imagine—is it money? Hasn't he left any? But surely, dearest——"

"It isn't money." She gave a fleeting smile. "I think you'd be quite willing to 'take me in my shift,' as the old saying goes. And grandfather never lost any money in his life."

"Then what is it?"

"It's just his death—you see, I think, Charles, that he didn't just die. I think he may have been—killed."

I stared at her. "But—what a fantastic idea. What made you think of it?"

FOR a moment Sophia hesitated, then she said slowly, "To begin with, the doctor was queer. He wouldn't sign a certificate. They're going to have a post-mortem. It's quite clear that they suspect something is wrong."

I didn't dispute that with her. Sophia had plenty of brains. Any conclusions she had drawn could be relied upon.

Instead I said earnestly: "Their suspicions may be quite unjustified. But putting that aside, supposing that they are justified, how does that affect you and me?"

"It might under certain circumstances. You're in the Diplomatic Service. They're rather particular about their wives. No—please don't say all the things that you're just bursting to say." She silenced me with a gesture.

"You're bound to say them—and I believe you really think them," she went on quickly, "and theoretically I quite agree with them. But I'm proud—I'm devilishly proud. I want our marriage to be a good thing for everyone—I don't want to represent one-half of a sacrifice for love! And, as I say, it may be all right . . ."

"You mean the doctor—may have made a mistake?"

"Even if he hasn't made a mistake, it won't matter—so long as the right person killed him."

"What do you mean, Sophia?"

"It was a beastly thing to say. But, after all, one might as well be honest."

She forestalled my next words.

"No, Charles, I'm not going to say any more. I've probably said too much already. But I was determined to come and meet you to-night—to see you myself and make you understand. We can't settle anything until this is cleared up."

"At least tell me about it."

She shook her head.

"I don't want to."

"But—Sophia——"

"No, Charles. I don't want you to see us from my angle. I want you to see us unbiased from the outside point of view."

"And how am I to do that?"

She looked at me, a queer light in her brilliant blue eyes.

"You'll get that from your father," she said.

Please turn to page 10

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

'4711' ways to keep FRESH

Say "Happy Christmas" to her with '4711'. Many are the reasons why '4711' Eau de Cologne is such an acceptable gift. The exhilaration of starting the day with a '4711' after-bath friction. Refreshing touches on the forehead, behind the ears, on the nape of the neck and on the wrists to cool the heat of the sun. The speed with which '4711' soothes an aching head. Inhaled fragrances that chase weariness from a tiring day. '4711' is the gift that flatters her eternal femininity—the gift of perpetual freshness that long outlasts the day of giving.

Prices: 5/9, 9/11, 17/6, 26/3, 30/3, 42/9, 112/6.

No 4711 four seven eleven eau de cologne

BLUE & GOLD LABEL

Made in England by R. J. Reuter Company Ltd., Slough, England. SOLE AGENT: Robert Blau (Australia) G.P.O. Box 4711, Sydney.

Lifebuoy

THE SOAP THAT SUITS THEM ALL

W.279 WWHO

COMPLETE PROTECTION

Each application of ODO-RO-NO cream gives you complete protection from underarm perspiration and odour for as long as 1 to 3 days.

ODO-RO-NO does not irritate the skin
ODO-RO-NO will not harm clothing
ODO-RO-NO does not dry in the jar

Protect yourself from perspiration and odour as millions of users do, use

A.O.19-4.

Australian Friendly Societies

£28,000,000 Worth

Every member of an Australian Friendly Society will be vitally interested in the story of the amazing growth of the movement in Australia—the subject of a special article in the December issue of A.M. Indeed, every article in A.M. has a special interest for you.

A.M.—Australia's Leading Monthly Magazine—now on sale at all newsagents and bookstalls—1/-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785123

Crooked House

Continued from page 39

PREVIOUSLY, I had told Sophia in Cairo that my father was Assistant Commissioner of Scotland Yard. He still held that office. At her words, I felt a cold weight settling down on me.

"It's as bad as that, then?" I said.

"I think so. Do you see a man sitting at a table by the door all alone—rather a nice-looking stolid ex-Army type?"

"Yes."

"He was on Swinly Dean platform this evening when I got into the train."

"You mean he's followed you here?"

"Yes. I think we're all—how does one put it?—under observation. They more or less hinted that we'd all better not leave the house. But I was determined to see you." Her small square chin shot out pugnaciously. "I got out of the bathroom window and shinned down the water pipe."

"Darling!"

"But the police are very efficient. And, of course, there was the telegram I sent you. Well—never mind—we're here—together . . . But from now on we've both got to play a lone hand."

She paused, and then added: "Unfortunately—there's no doubt—about our loving each other."

"No doubt at all," I said. "And don't say unfortunately. You and I have survived a world war, we've had plenty of near escapes from sudden death—and I don't see why the sudden death of just one old man—how old was he, by the way?"

"Eighty-seven."

"Of course. It was in 'The Times.' If you ask me, he just died of old age, and any self-respecting G.P. would accept the fact."

"If you'd known my grandfather," said Sophia, "you'd have been surprised at his dying of anything!"

. . . . . .

I'd always taken a certain amount of interest in my father's police work, but nothing had prepared me for the moment when I should come to take a direct and personal interest in it.

I had not yet seen the Old Man. He had been out when I arrived, and after a bath, a shave, and a change I had gone out to meet Sophia. When I returned to the house, however, Glover told me that he was in his study.

He was at his desk, frowning over a lot of papers. He jumped up when I came in.

"Charles! Well, well, it's been a long time."

Our meeting, after five years of war, would have disappointed a Frenchman. Actually all the emotion of reunion was there all right.

"I've got some whisky," he said. "Say when. Sorry I was out when you got here. I'm up to the ears in work. Tricky case just unfolding."

I leaned back in my chair and lit a cigarette.

"Aristide Leonides?" I asked.

His brow shot up. "Now, what makes you say that, Charles?"

"I'm right then?"

"How did you know about this?"

"Information received."

The Old Man waited.

"My information," I said, "came from the stable itself."

"Come on, Charles, let's have it."

"You mayn't like it," I said. "I met Sophia Leonides out in Cairo. I fell in love with her. I'm going to marry her. I met her to-night. She dined with me."

"In London? I wonder just how she managed to do that? The family were asked—oh, quite politely—to stay put."

"Quite so. She shinned down a pipe from the bathroom window."

MY father's lips twitched for a moment into a smile. "It seems," he said, "that Sophia Leonides is a young lady of some resource."

"But your police force is fully efficient," I said. "A nice Army type tracked her to Mario's. I shall figure in the reports you get. Five-foot eleven, brown hair, brown eyes, dark blue pinstripe suit, etc."

The Old Man looked at me hard.

"Is this—serious?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "It's serious, Dad."

There was a moment's silence.

"Do you mind?" I asked.

"I shouldn't have minded—a week ago. They're a well-established family—the girl will have money—and I know you. You don't lose your head easily. As it is——"

"Yes, Dad?"

"It may be all right, if——"

"If what?"

"If the right person did it."

It was the second time that night I had heard that phrase. I began to be interested.

"Just who is the right person?"

He threw a sharp glance at me. "How much do you know about it all?"

"Nothing!"

"Nothing?" He looked surprised. "Didn't the girl tell you?"

"No. She said she'd rather I saw it all — from an outside point of view."

"Now I wonder why that was?"

"Isn't it rather obvious?"

"No, Charles. I don't think it is."

He walked up and down frowning.

"How much do you know about the family?" he shot at me.

I shrugged hopelessly. "I know there was the old man and a lot of sons and grandchildren and in-laws. I haven't got the ramifications clear." I paused and then said, "You'd better put me in the picture, Dad."

"Yes." He sat down. "Very well then. I'll begin at the beginning—with Aristide Leonides. He arrived in England when he was twenty-four."

"A Greek from Smyrna."

"You do know that much?"

"Yes, but it's about all I do know."

The door opened and Glover came in to say that Chief-Inspector Taverner was here.

"He's in charge of the case" said my father. "We'd better have him in. He's been checking up on the family. Knows more about them than I do."

I nodded as Chief-Inspector Taverner came into the room. I knew Taverner from many years back. He greeted me warmly and congratulated me on my safe return.

"I'm putting Charles in the picture," said the Old Man. "Correct me if I go wrong, Taverner. Leonides came to London in 1884. He started up a little restaurant in Soho. It paid. He started up another. Soon he owned seven or eight of them. They all paid hand over fist."

"Never made any mistakes in anything he handled," said Chief-Inspector Taverner.

"He'd got a natural flair," said my father. "In the end he was behind most of the well-known restaurants in London. Then he went into the catering business in a big way."

"He was behind a lot of other businesses as well," said Taverner. "Second-hand clothes trade, cheap jewellery stores, lots of things. Of course," he added thoughtfully, "he was always a twister."

"You mean he was a crook?" I asked.

Please turn to page 41

RIVETS

BIG FAMILY DESSERT FROM ONE JUNKET TABLET

LUSCIOUS JUNKETS MADE WITH "MERRY WIDOW" ONLY HALF THE COST OF OTHERS!

Now Junket has been made twice as delicious *at half the cost!* You get 16 "Merry Widow" double-strength Junket Tablets for 1/1d. That's less than a penny a tablet! And—every concentrated tablet transforms a pint of milk into at least six good helpings of luscious, fruity-flavoured junket dessert!

Six flavours in every package, and plain variety as well!

Yes! Six different flavours — and each one *extra* delicious, extra rich with the flavour you prefer. Try "Merry Widow" Junkets just *once*, and you'll agree that junket is more delicious and exciting than ever before. Keep them handy in your kitchen for quick, money-saving and *nourishing* fruity-flavoured desserts. No cooking. Ask for "Merry Widow" Junkets.

6 LUSCIOUS FLAVOURS!
Raspberry
Pineapple
Strawberry
Cherry
Fruit Salad
Vanilla
Plain Variety

16 TABLETS FOR ONLY 1/1

Merry Widow
FRUIT-FLAVOURED
JUNKETS

A handy, small jar of Rexona Ointment is an absolute necessity in every bathroom cupboard.

COVERING THE WOUND ISN'T ENOUGH! Infection starts right under that skin-break. Why give it a chance? Apply Rexona Ointment generously to your usual dry dressing. Rexona goes deep and heals quickly at the point where infection starts.

D.93.62

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785124

Crooked House

Continued from page 40

TAVERNER shook his head. "No, I don't mean that," he said. "Crooked, yes—but not a crook. Never anything outside the law. But he was the sort of chap that thought up all the ways you can get round the law. He's cleaned up a packet that way even in this last war, and old as he was."

He frowned slightly. "Nothing he did was ever illegal—but as soon as he'd got on to it, you had to have a law about it, if you know what I mean. But by that time he'd gone on to the next thing."

"He doesn't sound a very attractive character," I said.

"Funnily enough, he was attractive. He'd got personality, you know. You could feel it. Nothing much to look at. Just a gnome—ugly little fellow—but magnetic. Women always fell for him."

"He made a rather astonishing marriage," said my father. "Married the daughter of a country squire."

I raised my eyebrows. "Money?"

The Old Man shook his head.

"No, it was a love match. She met him over some catering arrangements for a friend's wedding—and she fell for him. Her parents cut up rough, but she was determined to have him. I tell you, the man had charm—there was something exotic and dynamic about him that appealed to her. She was bored stiff with her own kind."

"And the marriage was happy?"

"It was very happy, oddly enough. Of course their respective friends didn't mix. Those were the days before money swept aside all class distinctions. But that didn't seem to worry them. They did without friends. He built a rather preposterous house at Swinly Dean and they lived there and had eight children."

"This is indeed a family chronicle."

"Old Leonides was rather clever to choose Swinly Dean. It was only beginning to be fashionable then. There was a mixture of Old Inhabitants who loved their gardens and liked Mrs. Leonides, and rich City men who wanted to be in with Leonides, so they could take their choice of acquaintances. They were perfectly happy, I believe, until she died of pneumonia in 1905."

"Leaving him with eight children?"

"One died in infancy. Two of the sons were killed in the first world war. One daughter married and went to Australia, and died there. An unmarried daughter was killed in a motor accident. Another died a year or two ago.

"There are two still living—the eldest son, Roger, who is married but has no children, and Philip, who married a well-known actress and has three children. Your Sophia, Eustace, and Josephine."

"And they are all living at—what is it?—Three Gables?"

"Yes. The Roger Leonides were bombed out early in the war. Philip and his family have lived there since 1937. And there's an elderly aunt, Miss de Haviland, sister of the first Mrs. Leonides."

He smiled wryly.

"She always loathed her brother-in-law apparently, but when her sister died she considered it her duty to accept her brother-in-law's invitation to live with him and bring up the children."

"She's very hot on duty," said Inspector Taverner. "But she's not the kind that changes her mind about people. She always disapproved of Leonides and his methods—"

"Well," I said, "it seems a pretty good houseful. Who do you think killed him?"

Taverner shook his head.

"Early days," he said, "early days to say that."

"Come on, Taverner," I said. "I bet you think you know who did it. We're not in court, man."

"No," said Taverner gloomily. "And we never may be."

"You mean he may not have been murdered?"

"Oh, he was murdered all right. Poisoned. But you know what these poisoning cases are like. It's very tricky getting the evidence. Very tricky. All the possibilities may point one way—"

"That's what I'm trying to get at. You've got it all taped out in your mind, haven't you?"

"It's a case of very strong probability. It's one of those obvious things. The perfect set-up. But I don't know, I'm sure. It's tricky."

I looked appealingly at the Old Man.

He said slowly: "In murder cases, as you know, Charles, the obvious is usually the right solution. Old Leonides married again, ten years ago."

"When he was seventy-seven?"

"Yes, he married a young woman of twenty-four."

I whistled. "What sort of a young woman?"

"A young woman out of a tea-shop. A perfectly respectable young woman, good-looking in an apathetic sort of way."

"And she's the strong probability?"

"I ask you, sir," said Taverner. "She's only thirty-four now, and that's a dangerous age. She likes living soft, and there's a young man in the house. Tutor to the grandchildren. Not been in the war, got a bad heart or something. They're as thick as thieves."

I looked at him thoughtfully. It was, certainly, an old and familiar pattern. The mixture as before. And the second Mrs. Leonides was, my father had emphasised, very respectable. In the name of respectability many murders had been committed.

"What was it?" I asked. "Arsenic?"

"No. We haven't got the analyst's report yet, but the doctor thinks it's eserine."

"That's a little unusual, isn't it? Surely easy to trace purchaser."

"Not this thing. It was his own stuff, you see. Eyedrops."

AS Taverner paused, my father took up the story: "Leonides suffered from diabetes. He had regular injections of insulin. Insulin is given out in small bottles with a rubber cap. A hypodermic needle is pressed down through the rubber cap and the injection drawn up."

I guessed the next bit.

"And it wasn't insulin in the bottle, but eserine?"

"Exactly."

"And who gave him the injection?" I asked.

"His wife."

I understood now what Sophia meant by the "right person."

I asked: "Does the family get on well with the second Mrs. Leonides?"

"No. I gather they are hardly on speaking terms."

It all seemed clearer and clearer. Nevertheless, Inspector Taverner was clearly not happy about it.

"What don't you like about it?" I asked him.

"If she did it," he said, "it would have been so easy for her to substitute a bona fide bottle of insulin afterwards. In fact, if she is guilty, I can't imagine why on earth she didn't do just that."

"Yes, it does seem indicated. Plenty of insulin about?"

"Oh, yes; full bottles and empty ones. And if she'd done that, ten to one the doctor wouldn't have spotted it. Very little is known of the post-mortem appearances in human poisoning by eserine. But he checked up on the insulin, and so, of course, he soon spotted that it wasn't insulin."

"So it seems," I said thoughtfully, "that Mrs. Leonides was either very stupid—or possibly very clever."

"You mean——"

"That she may be gambling on your coming to the conclusion that nobody could have been as stupid as she appears to have been. What are the alternatives? Any other—suspects?"

The Old Man said: "Practically anyone in the house could have done it. There was always a good store of insulin, at least a fortnight's supply.. One of the phials could have been tampered with, and replaced with the knowledge that it would be used in due course."

"And anybody, more or less, had access to them?"

"They weren't locked away. They were kept on a special shelf in the medicine cupboard in the bathroom of his part of the house. Everybody in the house came and went freely."

"Any strong motive?"

My father sighed.

"My dear Charles, Aristide Leonides was enormously rich. He had made over a good deal of his money to his family it is true, but it may be that somebody wanted more."

"But the one that wanted it most would be the present widow. Has her young man any money?"

"No. Poor as a church mouse."

Something clicked in my brain. I remembered Sophia's quotation. I suddenly remembered the whole verse of the nursery rhyme:

There was a crooked man and he went a crooked mile.
He found a crooked sixpence beside a crooked stile.
He had a crooked cat which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

I SAID to Taverner: "How does she strike you, Mrs. Leonides? What do you think of her?"

He replied slowly: "It's hard to say. She's not easy. Very quiet, so you don't know what she's thinking. But she likes living soft, that I'll swear I'm right about. Puts me in mind of a cat, a big purring lazy cat. Not that I've anything against cats. Cats are all right . . ."

He sighed.

"What we want," he said, "is evidence."

Yes, I thought, we all wanted evidence that Mrs. Leonides had poisoned her husband. Sophia wanted it, and I wanted it, and Inspector Taverner wanted it.

Then everything in the garden would be lovely!

But Sophia wasn't sure, and I wasn't sure, and I didn't think Chief-Inspector Taverner was sure either.

But already—and the impression was to strengthen—in this household of ill-assorted relatives, Brenda Leonides seemed set apart, an outsider.

Please turn to page 42

"Soaping" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!

Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film.

3/-

- Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film!
- Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights.
- Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
- Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant!
- Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
- Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

HALO REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR!

Halo Quality guaranteed by Colgate

as gifts...
for campers...
for holidaymakers...
for your own home—

NAMCO PRESSURE COOKERS

A complete range of these famous pressure cookers is now available. There is a size and type for every need. The NAMCO COOKER-CANNER is a 16 pint pressure cooker, fitted with attachments for preserving fruit, meats and vegetables. The complete processing operation is done perfectly in minutes instead of hours! £7.19.6. Without preserving attachments—£6.16.0.

The NAMCO 11 pint Pressure Cooker was designed for large families who find the 7 pint too small. Excellent jam-making size, with perfect results made easy.

The NAMCO 7 pint Pressure Cooker is already known to scores of thousands of Australian women. Like all NAMCO models, it cooks beautifully in mere minutes, saves work, saves money, and will operate efficiently on any type of stove.—£4/14/0.

NAMCO
PRESSURE COOKERS

Product of Overseas Corporation (Australia) Limited.
Offices in all States.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785125

FOR ONLY 4½d

. . . you can enjoy the delicate flavour of fine fish as often as you wish. Kraft Fish Pastes—seven varieties of them—cost only 4½d. a tin. Try them in flavoursome savouries, sandwiches and cooked dishes, too.

Fish Paste Toasties (illustrated). Cut thin slices of bread, remove crusts. Butter, spread with your favourite Kraft Fish Paste, add a little finely chopped onion, roll up, spear with toothpicks and toast.

Fish Paste Canapes (illustrated). Cut circles or other shapes from white bread. Fry in oil, butter or margarine. Blend any Kraft Fish Paste with a little finely chopped garlic, parsley and cayenne. Spread on fried rounds or crackers and serve cold.

KRAFT
FISH PASTES
7 Varieties
LOBSTER, LOBSTER AND TOMATO
BLOATER, HERRINGS AND TOMATO
SALMON AND SHRIMP, ANCHOVY
BONCHOVY
KF93

Crooked House

Continued from page 41

ON the following day I went down to Three Gables with Taverner.

My position was a curious one. It was, to say the least of it, quite unorthodox. But the Old Man has never been highly orthodox.

He had said: "If we're ever going to solve this case we've got to get some inside dope. We've got to know all about the people in that house. We've got to know them from the inside, not the outside. You're the man who can get that for us."

I didn't like that. I threw my cigarette into the grate as I said: "I'm a police spy? Is that it? I'm to get the inside dope from Sophia, whom I love and who both loves and trusts me, or so I believe."

"For heaven's sake, don't take the commonplace view," he said sharply. "To begin with, you don't believe, do you, that your young woman murdered her grandfather?"

"Of course not. The idea's absolutely absurd."

"Very well, we don't think so either. She's been away for some years, she has always been on perfectly amicable terms with him. She has a very generous income and he would have been, I should say, delighted to hear of her engagement to you and would probably have made a handsome marriage settlement on her. We don't suspect her. Why should we?"

Without waiting for me to answer, he went on, "but you can be quite sure of one thing. If this isn't cleared up that girl won't marry you. And it's the kind of crime that may never be cleared up. We may be reasonably sure that the wife and her young man were in cahoots over it, but proving it will be another matter.

"There's not even a case to put so far. And unless we get definite evidence against her there'll always be a nasty doubt. You see that?"

Yes, I saw that.

The Old Man then said quietly: "Why not put it to her?"

"You mean—ask Sophia if I——" I stopped.

The Old Man was nodding his head vigorously.

"Yes, yes. I'm not asking you to worm your way in without telling the girl what you're up to. See what she has to say about it."

And so it came about that the following day I drove down with Chief-Inspector Taverner and Detective-Sergeant Lamb to Swinly Dean.

A little way beyond the golf course we turned in at a gateway where I imagined that before the war there had been an imposing pair of gates. Patriotism or ruthless requisitioning had swept these away. We drove up a long curving drive flanked with rhododendrons and came out on a gravelled sweep in front of the house.

It was incredible! I wondered why it had been called Three Gables. Eleven Gables would have been more appropriate. The curious thing was that it had a strange air of being distorted—and I thought I knew why. It was the type, really, of a cottage, a cottage swollen out of all proportion. It was like looking at a country cottage through a gigantic magnifying-glass.

The slantwise beams, the half-timbering, the gables—it was a little crooked house that had grown like a mushroom in the night!

Yet I got the idea. It was a Greek restaurateur's idea of something English. It was meant to be an Englishman's home—built the size of a castle!

I wondered what the first Mrs. Leonides had thought of it. She had not, I fancied, been consulted or shown the plans. It was, most probably, her exotic husband's little surprise. I wondered if she had shuddered or smiled.

Apparently she had lived there quite happily.

"Bit overwhelming, isn't it?" said Inspector Taverner. "Of course, the old gentleman built on to it a good deal—making it into three separate houses, so to speak, with kitchens and everything. It's all tip-top inside, fitted up like a luxury hotel."

Sophia came out of the front door. She was hatless and wore a green shirt and a tweed skirt.

She stopped dead when she saw me.

"You?" she exclaimed.

I said: "Sophia, I've got to talk to you. Where can we go?"

For a moment I thought she was going to demur, then she turned and said: "This way."

We walked down across the lawn. There was a fine view across Swinly Dean's No. 1 course, away to a clump of pines trees on a hill, and beyond it to the dimness of hazy countryside.

Sophia led me to a rock-garden, now somewhat neglected, where there was a rustic wooden seat of great discomfort, and we sat down.

"Well?" she said. Her voice was not encouraging.

I said my piece—all of it.

She listened very attentively. Her face gave little indication of what she was thinking, but when I came at last to a full stop she sighed. It was a deep sigh.

"Your father," she said, "is a very clever man."

"The Old Man has his points. I think it's a rotten idea myself—but——"

She interrupted me.

"Oh, no," she said. "It isn't a rotten idea at all. It's the only thing that might be any good. Your father, Charles, knows exactly what's been going on in my mind. He knows better than you do."

With sudden vehemence, she added, "I've got to have the truth. I've got to know."

"Because of us? But, dearest——"

"Not only because of us, Charles. I've got to know for my own peace of mind. You see, Charles, I didn't tell you last night—but the truth is—I'm afraid."

"Afraid?"

"Yes—afraid—afraid—afraid. The police, they think, your father thinks, you think, everybody thinks—that it was Brenda."

"The probabilities——"

"Oh, yes, it's quite probable. It's possible. But when I say, 'Brenda probably did it,' I'm quite conscious that it's only wishful thinking. Because, you see, I don't really think so. I'm afraid it isn't so."

To be continued

A small thing in a whole lifetime . . .

but one of the biggest you've ever done

WE KNOW it's a big thing to ask you to open your door to accommodate a British migrant, or perhaps more than one. But never yet has the Australian tradition for hospitality failed. Men and women in Britain want to come to our country. We want them to come. Indeed, our future safety and prosperity urgently demand quick increase in our population. The sooner more people are here, the sooner more homes will be built. But they must have somewhere to stay for a while, and we're asking your help temporarily. Deep down in your heart, you're going to feel "pretty good" if you do the human thing! These men and women from Britain are our kith and kin, our own kind. You can find out all about the accommodation needed by filling in the coupon below and sending it off immediately. The enquiry will not commit you in any way or place you under any obligation.

To The Secretary, Department of Immigration, Canberra, A.C.T.
Please send me the Question and Answer Folder, "Helping a British Migrant". This enquiry does not place me under any obligation.
Name
Address

Give a helping hand to a British migrant

All British migrants pay their way

C1944.55.119

Issued by the Commonwealth Department of Immigration.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785126

FUNNYMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. Millionairess LOLA LEEDS sends Larry to Hollywood to play a tragic part. Producer SAM HILL tries to scare Larry away, but fails. Larry rehearses his love scene with Lola, when JUNE FARRELL, HAPPY, and the gang walk in, much to Larry's dismay.

As I Read the STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Don't make radical moves this week or be impulsive and rash. Cautious handling of matters is advised, especially from December 17 to 20. Guard health and avoid accidents.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): Continue to handle all money situations with discretion. Your luck is not as good as usual. Keep an eye on assets, securities, and jointly held money. Adverse days are December 14, 17, 19, and 20.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): December 14 tends towards sudden and unexpected change. Make sure it is what you desire, for the next five days can become quite turbulent if you worry or make mistakes. Delay important contracts or agreements.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): December 15 and 18 are your brightest days this week, although you may incline to overdo things, and thus endanger health. Avoid extremes and mishaps as you near December 19 and 20, and be tactful with employees or employers.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): A week of force and energy, but needing wise direction. Your most important dates are December 14, 17, 19, and 20. New adventure, speculation, or affairs of the heart may keep you busy this week, but be cautious.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Don't act on impulse if difficult situations crop up this week. Plan your personal and domestic life carefully from December 14 to 20. Avoid travel or removals and be tactful with relatives.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Avoid important changes, travel, interviews, discussions and writings this week. Your judgment may be astray, and you could write or say the wrong thing. Adverse days are December 14, 17, 19, and 20. December 18 is good.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Be prepared for financial delays and disappointments this week. Watch expenses and avoid undue extravagance from December 17 to 20. Do not be swayed by advice of friends or relatives on December 14.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): An unfavourable week for personal relationships. Irritability or emotional tension could upset December 14, while December 17, 19, and 20 need discreet handling. Use December 15 and 18 for better results.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Avoid all risky propositions and be careful of deception. You are bound to get the worst side of the deal. Insist upon everything being above board. Adverse days Decembers 14 and nearing December 19 and 20.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): A tendency towards sudden change, upsets or broken friendships from December 14. Don't rely too much on new contacts. The old tie will prove more reliable than the new. Watch also December 17.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Your safest days are December 15 and 18. The rest of week brings unexpected setbacks, clashes or upheavals affecting career, social or business life. Don't force issues.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Hours of entertainment for 1/-. Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785127

SUBTLE SKIN

Flattery

Concealing smoothness of "Top-Tone" Shade Control keeps your complexion faultless for hours

One make-up with fragrant "Three Flowers" gives your complexion warm, youthful radiance, enhancing your natural skin tonings . . . a soft-as-satin smoothness that subtly conceals tiny skin flaws . . . that clings like a delicate veil of loveliness. And with "Three Flowers" special "Top-Tone" ingredient, the entrancing shade you wear remains unchanged for hours—whether your skin be oily or dry. Your favourite supplier has "Three Flowers" readily available. Ask for it to-day.

three flowers

FACE POWDER

Companions in Glamour . . . Lipstick, Rouge, Creams, Brilliantine, Talc, Perfume.

CREATIONS OF RICHARD HUDNUT

TF4A.82.49

The Magic of Beautiful Hair

In choosing your shampoo, remember, hair is a delicate, living organism requiring gentle treatment. The great thing about Evan Williams Shampoo is that it contains ingredients of incalculable value to hair health, which must always be the basic factor of true hair beauty.

Evan Williams SHAMPOO

"Camomile" for fair hair. "Ordinary" for brown or dark hair.

Australian Agents: R. G. Turnley & Son Pty. Ltd., Melbourne.

NP3

MARTA TOREN, cat-eyed Swedish actress under contract in Hollywood, is shown here among the ruins of Pompeii, the ancient city at the foot of Mount Vesuvius in Italy, during a break in the filming of Universal's "Deported," in which she stars.

SOON AFTER her return from European honeymoon with her new husband, millionaire Bob Topping, Lana Turner and daughter Cheryl Crane gave a western-style party that made Hollywood gasp. This candid shows how they looked in costume.

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★ *Conspirator*

TWO handsome Taylors—Elizabeth and Robert—play husband and wife in this M.G.M. British release.

It's the story of Major Michael Curragh, Guardsman and man-about-town, whose eighteen-year-old American bride does not take long to discover that he has highly colored political affiliations and supplies secret military data to the party.

This knowledge comes as a shock to her, but the discovery that he is out to liquidate her because of it is an even greater one.

The fact that the film holds audience interest in spite of an unsatisfactory plot and jerky continuity is attributable to the cast, the fine settings, and first-class production.

Elizabeth Taylor, as Melinda, in her first emotional and romantic leading role, acts surprisingly well. She is charming and looks lovely, although some will think that the glamor is laid on too thickly for a girl of her age.

As the gallant major whose political beliefs are vaguely attributed to childhood associations, Robert Taylor appears to realise that he is an engaging but doomed character.

Among elegant people in supporting roles are Honor Blackman, Robert Flemyng, and Harold Warrender.

In Sydney—St. James.

★★ *The Well-digger's Daughter*

WITHOUT the acting of Raimu, the French film "The Well-digger's Daughter" would closely resemble a flattish and insipid omelette.

But Raimu's character-acting as Pascal, the well-digger, father of six daughters, adds zest to the dish.

The eldest daughter, 18-year-old Patricia (Josette Day), brings drama to the Provencal countryside by falling in love with tall, dark, and moderately handsome Jacques, played by Georges Grey.

This is understandable, as her only other suitor, Felipe (Fernandel), is ugly, comic, and kind, but with no charm for a naive girl fresh from a convent.

When Patricia realises she is going to have a child, Raimu's characterisation is especially clever.

One of the best scenes in the play takes place when Pascal takes his errant daughter to the crossroads, where she will leave for a distant town.

For the benefit of the five younger girls who stand by the roadside, he acts the part of a kindly father seeing his daughter off on a trip. When the moment for parting comes, he stands rigidly, allowing Patricia to kiss him good-bye.

Then, turning away, he rubs his hand roughly across his mouth, as if to wipe both the kiss and his daughter from memory.

The other actors in the film are competent, but do not approach Raimu's standard.

Obviously made on a shoe-string budget, "The Well-digger's Daughter" has its settings in the country and in the small town of Salon.

The film fails to reach the standard of some earlier French productions, such as "The Baker's Wife" and "Pastoral Symphony."

In Sydney—the Savoy.—H.F.

★ *Slattery's Hurricane*

THE work carried out by the U.S. Weather Bureau in the Caribbean typhoon belt provides an unusual background for this Fox production.

For good measure, the studio has thrown in plenty of action, narcotic smuggling, and an odd four-way romantic mix-up between Richard Widmark, Veronica Lake, Linda Darnell, and John Russell.

Admirers of the Widmark treat-'em-rough technique will find it unchanged, although he portrays, instead of a gangster, disgruntled Navy pilot Slattery, who hires himself out to ferry the plane of a big-shot candy king.

After a good deal of fighting and emotional confusion, the action boils up into Slattery taking the place of his friend Lieut. Hobson on hurricane patrol, and getting warning signals through to residents in the danger area.

Although authentic flying footage is interesting, there are too many aeroplane sequences and flashbacks, as well as too much noise for audience comfort. During the final nightmare flight, Slattery acquires a new sense of values and human relationships.

The bureau dubs the storm "Slattery's Hurricane"—it is also Slattery's film.

In Sydney—the Plaza.

★ *The Secret Garden*

ANYONE who likes children and animals and gardens will find pleasure in this fragile piece of fantasy.

M.G.M. evolved it from Frances Hodges Burnett's story about a little orphan girl, Mary Lennox, who brings hope and happiness to the inhabitants of a gloomy Yorkshire mansion.

The story itself is a museum piece which makes no attempt to cater for the sophisticates, but the cast is interesting, and occasionally the acting has a glowing quality.

Margaret O'Brien, as Mary Lennox, gives one of her best performances since "Journey for Margaret" and "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes," while young Dean Stockwell as the spoiled invalid is right in character.

But you will be most impressed by Brian Roper, the Welsh lad who was imported to Hollywood especially for the part of Dickon. He has a lilting voice, a charming, freckled face, and considerable acting talent.

The adult actors are all old campaigners—Herbert Marshall as the father, Gladys Cooper as the flinty housekeeper, and Elsa Lanchester and Reginald Owen as staff members, whom I thought rather synthetic even in this fairy-tale setting.

In Sydney—the Liberty.

Once A Jolly Swagman

THIS is a long, rambling story about dirt-track riding, Trade Union politics, and war, in that order.

Dirk Bogarde plays a character part adequately—that of a factory worker turned speedway rider. Success makes him conceited and egotistical until the war straightens out some of the kinks and reunites him with his family.

Renee Asherson has quiet charm and sincerity as Bogarde's wife, but it remains for Bonar Colleano, as an American track ace, to introduce a few odd flashes of humor into surrounding gloom.

The reason for the title of this Wessex production is a mystery.

In Sydney—the Civic.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785128

Give "KEEFER" this Christmas!

the greatest Value and finest Range of Propelling Pencils ever offered in Australia!

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Standard

If HE'S a student, undergrad., or careering into Business . . . if SHE'S at High, University, or prominent among the Younger Set, a Keefer "Standard" says it almost as well as it will write it—perfectly! The "Standard" is elegant, but it's tough. It can take it—and stay smooth as its snappiest owner.

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Milady

The pencil that keeps on saying "with love." Exquisite as a piece of personal jewellery. Be she Mum, 21, or the Girl in your life, she'll love all "Milady" will say for you.

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Goldtone

For the V.I.P.'s—to tell Pop he's still the Big Shot; as a tribute to the Chief, maybe—or where it pays to cast your bread upon the waters. As an investment in goodwill, give a Keefer "Goldtone."

10/- IN BLACK, BURGUNDY, GREY, NAVY BLUE

15/- IN POWDER BLUE, TURQUOISE BLUE, JADE GREEN, CHINESE RED, CANARY YELLOW

23/6 IN BLACK, BURGUNDY, GREY, NAVY BLUE

Warranty

The Keefer Pencil is precision built, perfectly balanced and guaranteed free from faulty workmanship. In the event of mechanical fault, arising through fair wear and tear, the pencil should be returned to the Retailer from whom it was purchased. He is authorised to supply a new pencil to replace it without cost to you.

All sparklingly handsome with gold plate mountings

PRECISION BUILT

KEEFER

PROPELLING PENCILS

Sole World Distributors:

J. S. ROBERTSON (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

131 Queen Street, Melbourne, Vic., and at 11-19 Hargrave Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Representation in all States of Australia and in New Zealand.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785129

MORE and MORE MOTHERS
choose this laxative
for their children
and themselves

GENTLE, EFFECTIVE, SAFE, RELIABLE

A Famous Brand
Erin~Art
A PIONEER PRODUCT
Your safeguard when buying
SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

Made from finest quality, linen-finished sheetings, Erin Art sheets are available in all sizes either plain or hemstitched and scalloped; Erin Art pillow cases are in housewife style, hemstitched, embroidered or plain.

N1-49

NERVES
They're as strong as steel!

"Once the slightest upset left me all a-flutter. I'd take hours to calm down. That was before I started my course of 'Sanatogen'.

'Sanatogen', at all chemists, 4/9, 8/1, 15/3, 25/2.

Start a course of
'SANATOGEN'
Reg. Trade Mark
NERVE TONIC FOOD
The only tonic which restores the protein and organic phosphorus your system needs.

BENGER-GENATOSAN PTY. LTD.
72 RESERVOIR STREET, SYDNEY
SN.27.B

The Heiress . . .

1 **DISTINGUISHED** Dr. Austin Sloper (Sir Ralph Richardson) persuades his sister Lavinia (Miriam Hopkins) to stay and help his daughter acquire social grace.

2 **PLAIN** Catherine Sloper (Olivia de Havilland), a healthy girl in her mid-twenties, confides to understanding Aunt Lavinia that she tries hard to win her father's esteem, but just isn't at ease at social functions.

3 **ENGAGEMENT** party that night for Marian Almond (Mona Freeman) and Arthur Townsend (Paul Lees) is attended by Catherine and family. The girl spends most of the time alone on sidelines.

A BRILLIANT cast assembles in the Paramount drama, "The Heiress," with Sir Ralph Richardson in the role of Dr. Austin Sloper, a wealthy physician, whose daughter, Catherine, played by Olivia de Havilland lives under the shadow of her lovely, deceased mother.

Montgomery Clift, Miriam Hopkins, Vanessa Brown, Mona Freeman, Ray Collins, and Selena Royle are other cast members.

4 **DURING** evening's gaiety, Dr. Sloper reveals to Mrs. Elizabeth Almond (Selena Royle) his belief that Catherine's principal asset is 30,000-dollar inheritance.

5 **GLIB** Morris Townsend (Montgomery Clift) is introduced to Catherine and makes her happy by claiming every dance. Later he stages whirlwind courtship, wins her love, but Dr. Sloper disapproves.

6 **AFTER** stormy family scene Catherine renounces wealth. She agrees to elope, but stunned about money Morris never returns when he leaves house to get carriage.

7 **YEARS** after Dr. Sloper's death, Aunt Lavinia excitedly tells Catherine that Morris has returned and she finally receives him. He finds a more attractive woman of great wealth and renews courtship.

8 **CALMLY** planning to jilt Morris, Catherine suggests same elopement, but when he rushes back with a carriage it is to hear the front door bolted against him.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785130

Gifts

by

POTTER & MOORE

for her

Choose your Christmas gifts from this page — and take days off your Christmas shopping time. There are four famous series of Potter & Moore toiletries to bring variety into your giving — Mitcham Lavender, Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne, Floral Perfumes, and Old English Spice. Potter & Moore's fragrant perfumery gift sets come in boxes especially illustrated in delicate water colours.

and

for him

Gifts as masculine as pipe-smoking and fishing . . . Potter & Moore's Shaving preparations . . . Lavender Brilliantine, liquid, solid or tube . . . Fixodene . . . and Talcum Powder for Men.

LAVENDER WATER (L46). Original Mitcham Lavender in five sizes — 3/3, 4/9, 9/6, 15/- (as illustrated) and 18/6.

MITCHAM LAVENDER GIFT SET (L749). Original Mitcham Lavender Water, Liquid Bath Salts and Talcum Powder — box 11/6.

SMELLING SALTS (L537). Handy purse size — 2/6.

MITCHAM LAVENDER TOILET SOAP (L102). Gift box — 4/6.

LIQUID BATH SALTS (L503). Popular Mitcham Lavender preparation in four sizes — 2/9, 4/3, 7/6 and 13/6 (as illustrated).

MITCHAM LAVENDER WATER & TALCUM POWDER (L549). Gift set — 7/6.

EAU DE COLOGNE (BRC5). 1749 Blue Ribbon perfumery — 3/3, 4/9, 9/6, 15/- (as illustrated) and 18/6.

EAU DE COLOGNE GIFT SET (BRC169/44). Containing 1749 Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne, Talcum Powder and Toilet Soap — 9/-.

DUSTING POWDER (BRC27). Eau de Cologne Dusting Powder & Lambswool puff — 4/11.

SHAVING BOWL DE LUXE (ML110B). Shaving Cream. Special gift carton and bowl — 5/3.

MEN'S GIFT SET (M29). Containing Potter & Moore Shaving Cream (tube), Liquid Brilliantine, box 4/9.

LAVENDER BRILLIANTINE (ML112). Solid — jar 2/-

POTTER & MOORE

LONDON — MELBOURNE

English creators of fine perfumery for 200 years.

On display at all Chemists and Stores.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785131

It's New in New York!

NOW IN AUSTRALIA!

* Associate product in America called "Rayve"

THE LATEST HOME PERMANENT WAVE

Yes! The latest and greatest Home Permanent is here at the same time as its sister product bursts upon the American scene. You can have this top glamour-giver simultaneously with American women in New York . . . Hollywood . . . San Francisco! And you'll be thrilled with the natural-looking waves and curls.

Guaranteed—a beautiful perm at far less than salon cost

A professional permanent wave costs anything up to £3/3/- for a full head. . . . Now you can have a ravishing Crest Wave for 17/6 the first perm and 10/- ever after (by buying refills).

Even better, try the Crest PAIR-PLAN. Get together with a friend, buy one Crest Full Kit at 17/6 and one Crest Refill at 10/-, work together, share the cost . . . you'll each get your first Crest perm for only 13/9. And remember! A Crest Wave lasts as long as the most expensive salon perm.

Save time with Crest, so simple, so safe

You do it at home with two easy-to-use lotions—the Creme Waving Lotion *forms* the wave—the Finishing Lotion makes it *permanent*. There's no heat, no heavy equipment. And while Crest is "taking" you can move about the house as usual. Crest is absolutely safe, too. So gentle that it can be used on children's hair.

THE FULL KIT: 17/6
(Includes "Easy-Wind" plastic curlers.)

On sale everywhere.

REFILL: 10/-
(Everything you need except curlers for another successful perm.)

FREE! A Full Advisory Service

The "Crest Advisory Bureau" is staffed by experts in all branches of hairdressing. If you have any questions about your hair which may require special advice, please write to:

Anne Travers, Crest Advisory Bureau, Box 3538, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

Crest... MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

C.2.143g

DRIVING down a country lane at night, Squire Jack Reddin, played by David Farrar, picks up the innocent young country girl, Hazel Woodus, walking home from Wenlock.

JENNIFER JONES GOES TO EARTH

Jennifer Jones is riding to work in a Rolls Royce these days with a tame fox perched upon her shoulder, its brush curling luxuriously across her back.

It is her co-star in the Anglo-American film being made in Shropshire of the famous Mary Webb novel "Gone To Earth." Naming the fox, found starving in a field as a tiny thing doesn't seem to have imposed much strain on anybody's imagination. They merely call it "Foxy."

THE title of the film seems most appropriate to Jennifer Jones, for, shy, elusive, a little difficult to size up, she has almost literally "gone to earth." She wants no pictures taken of her off the set. And she doesn't want to talk about the past.

BEAUTIFUL Hazel Woodus visits Wenlock Butter Market and talks to Mr. James (Edward Chapman).

Recently she kept reporters guessing about her marriage to producer David Selznick—about where it was to take place, and when—until it was all over. Even now the gossips are divided between the contentions that she and David were married on a yacht off Portofino, on the Italian Riviera—or in the old monastery of Cervara, a few miles out of the town.

Besides the fox—which curls up in her lap at mealtimes and waits complacently now to be fed—she has a bicycle strapped to the back of the Rolls.

Jennifer uses the bicycle to escape from the film unit whenever there is a break in shooting. She has been pedalling alone around the Shropshire country lanes, stopping to chat to the farmers, losing much of the shy reserve the film world knows.

She is a curious blend of simplicity and sophistication. When she is tired of cycling, there is the Rolls waiting to take her back. She arrived in England with 26 pieces of luggage, yet knocks about on location in jeans, an old shirt, and a carelessly knotted scarf.

She often sits apart on the grass, looks into the hazy distances of Shropshire in autumn, and thinks her own thoughts.

Yet when the film extras put on a dance in the nearby village of

STAR Jennifer Jones makes friends with one of the youngest inhabitants from Much Wenlock, Shropshire. On her first trip to England, Miss Jones took great pains to learn authentic dialect.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785132

WEARING period hairstyle and blue jeans, Jennifer Jones jokes with Punch and Judy puppeteer Alec Mozeley and assistant director, Sydney Streeter.

A CROWD of young English schoolboy extras, with Jennifer, closely watch rehearsals of the Chapel Fete scene from "Gone to Earth."

By cable from
BILL STRUTTON in London

Wenlock they saw to their surprise that Jennifer Jones, who arrived suddenly with director Michael Powell, was first out on the floor, and in the thick of such alien English cavortings as the Palais Glide and the Valeta.

In fact she danced so much and with so many that she lost the heel of her shoe, and ended waltzing in her stockings.

There are many indications that David Selznick, who put up some of the money to finance his wife's latest starring vehicle, is backing a good thing. "Gone To Ecarth" is being made by the famous partners Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, who gave us "Red Shoes," "Black Narcissus" and "The Small Back Room."

They believe Jennifer is ideally suited to play the part of Hazel Woodus, Mary Webb's moving characterisation of a wild, gipsyish girl, whose life ends in tragedy.

David Farrar, one of the "he-men" in British films, is starring opposite Jennifer as a brutish squire, who accidentally runs her down during a fox hunt.

It is the fox-hunting theme which has caused the film unit to run into trouble and reopened an argument, which perennially divides huntsmen from opponents of blood sports in England. Shooting has been held up because the British Field Sports Society has boycotted the film.

It has been ruled that "Gone to Earth" is anti-blood-sport, and has refused to allow any hunt master to lend hounds for the scenes.

Thus Michael Powell fretted about in Shropshire fields, powerless to shoot the film's final scenes because there were no hounds, while technicians sprawled about chewing grass and, I suspect, covertly enjoying another long gap of doing-nothing-and-being-paid-for-it, which is a frequent phenomenon of film-making anywhere.

They solved this dilemma, but only temporarily, by moving indoors to the studios and shooting other scenes while the controversy raged.

"We might have to go to Ireland to finish the film," said a technician with ill-disguised cheerfulness. "Or maybe"—he became speculative and a little wistful—"even America!"

(My last information was that local Shropshire huntsmen were leading a breakaway movement and showing signs of willingness to lend some of their pack hounds.)

Jennifer has now so far tamed Foxy that she walks it about the studio on a leash. The fox—or in the interests of accuracy, the vixen—has just come through its biggest scenes in the film with flying colors. The script called for Foxy to follow Jennifer, a bride, up the church aisle.

"After three rehearsals," said Jennifer in a burst of confidence, "She got tired. When the cameras started to turn, she sat with dignity on my train and rode on it up to the altar."

However, Foxy is not completely civilised. She has bitten several members of the cast and started a fox-hunt all on her own when she decided to run away from it all. Jennifer Jones is determined to reconcile her to domestic life so she may take her back and install her as a pet in her Hollywood home.

WALKING home at dusk from Wenlock, Hazel Woodus (Jennifer Jones) hears a rabbit screaming. She finds the snare and sets the rabbit free, murmuring the words, "There, there, little 'un. We be free."

JENNIFER JONES and her producer-husband, David Selznick, photographed at a recent social function. In putting up some of the money to finance his wife's latest starring film, "Gone to Earth," observers believe he is backing a good thing.

Christine Norden - storybook chance

When a Hollywood cameraman spotted Christine standing in a queue he did not know she was already a hard-working stage actress. Today she is a film star and can claim to have "spotted talent" herself — Clarks Skyline Shoes made in 4 widths were her instant choice for fashion and fit.

Clarks SHOES

C. & J. Clark Ltd. (Wholesale only), Street, Somerset, England.
London Office: Milne House, 117 Regent Street, London, W.1.
Trade enquiries to: Clarks Australia Ltd., 109 Gray Street, Adelaide.

HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE

There's Real Comfort in Every Sip of Hearne's.

COUGHS & COLDS

ALL UGLY HAIR GONE!

IN 3 MINUTES

Just apply the amazing hair-removing cream called Veet. After three minutes wash off. Every trace of hair is gone like magic! Veet leaves your arms and legs velvety-soft and smooth. No stubble like the razor leaves.

No risk of cuts or scrapes. Veet is the easy, quick, *modern* way to end the embarrassment of unwanted hair. Successful results *guaranteed* with Veet or money refunded. Supplies available at all Chemists & Stores 2/9 per tube.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785133

FOR business or leisure, men who know fine materials choose Vicars Worsteds and Tweeds. Although of a quality and texture which make long service a certainty, Vicars Worsteds and Tweeds have that pleasantly casual adaptability which permits a tailor to make clothes that are personal to the wearer.

JOHN VICARS & CO. PTY. LIMITED, MARRICKVILLE, N.S.W.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785134

FIRST AID FOR

Summer damaged hair!

Richard Hudnut creme Egg shampoo

It's the real egg in this exciting new shampoo that reconditions and glorifies dull, drab or damaged hair!

Don't worry about salt-water, dust or other summer dangers to hair beauty . . . one shampoo will give you shimmering "lovelights" and soft, manageable tresses.

Ask to-day for Richard Hudnut's Egg Creme Shampoo . . . 8/6 at chemists and leading dept. stores.

53.61

CHAFING

Sores caused by chafing napkins are soon healed by Cuticura Ointment. Stops itching and irritation and assures undisturbed sleep. Antiseptic Cuticura cannot harm baby's tender skin. One of the famous trio—Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder. 534

Cuticura OINTMENT

CURLYPET

makes baby's hair grow curly—at all Chemists and Stores—3/8. C.T.

Staisweet

Stay as sweet as you are with

Staisweet

The Deodorant you can trust

Staisweet

GLAMOR GIRL (below) is the last word in modern prettiness and the ideal women are apt to copy instead of concentrating on ways in which to make the most of themselves and their personalities.

MODERN grandmother, whose attractiveness belies her years, is representative of women everywhere and the actual proof that abundant physical vitality and mental activity will keep any woman young and charming.

STEPS TO BEAUTY

● "Forget the 'It' look—it's the 'You' look that counts," says American John Robert Powers, self-styled broker of beauty, creator of The Powers Girl, and an expert on feminine beauty.

By . . . CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

STRONGLY BUILT Powers, a man with beetling brows over light-blue eyes, steel-grey hair, and the air of a person who knows what he is doing, is highly articulate on the topic of feminine beauty and gives seven easy steps by which any woman can make herself much more interesting and attractive.

He does not promise that they will necessarily turn any woman into a raving beauty, but they will make her more pleasing in appearance and charming in manner, and that, after all, is a good definition of beauty.

Here are the seven points:—

- Make the most of face and hair.
- Strive for good posture and physical trimness.
- Walk with rhythm and grace.
- Sit and stand gracefully.
- Learn to dress to suit face, figure, and personality.
- Learn to speak with a well-modulated, pleasing voice.
- Develop the mind as a vehicle of self-expression and attraction.

Firmly believing that the important thing in beauty is for every woman to be her individual self rather than a carbon copy of somebody else, he will have no part of mass-produced glamor.

No Powers girl, whether she is a model or a student, is ever typed. Numbers of girls may be similar in terms of coloring, personality, or mood, but individuality is stressed. That is the goal for which all women should aim.

Perhaps no man in the past quarter century has taught more women how to be lovely than John Robert Powers. The celebrated Powers models are internationally admired for their beauty, poise, and charm, and student graduates have come from all walks of life.

College girls, debs, housewives, students have come from all countries—Russia, Estonia, Sweden, Australia, England, and Iceland.

In the field of make-up women have four faults in common, and the remedy in each case rests in their own hands.

- They don't know how to apply rouge. They either do not use it at all, or they use too much in the wrong places.
- Too many hide their natural attractiveness under heavy make-up.
- They use the wrong shades of cosmetics which make them look artificial, older, and less attractive.
- They allow their skin to become dry and lined by improper cleansing and skin care.

Aspiring models almost invariably have one of two ideas—either no cosmetics at all, or too much.

For the clean-faced ones there is an excellent demonstration that women everywhere might copy—make up one side of the face, and leave the other alone. The difference is so startling the mistake is obvious.

For overdone make-up the technique is reversed—scrub it all off and start over again.

To create a make-up satisfying to everybody's idea of applied art the primary rule is, "Make down so that natural beauty shows through." This is necessary for a woman to have the "You" look.

Another of Powers' much-quoted maxims is . . . "There is no such thing as an unattractive woman"; coming from anyone less qualified, this statement might seem to offer grounds for debate, but in the years in which he has built up a beauty background he has developed a philosophy on the subject which is more than skin deep.

Briefly, it is this: Beauty consists to a large extent of gauging your natural assets, making the most of them, and being your age in the best sense of the word.

Almost every woman has a posture defect of some kind, too. With one, it's a round back; with another, a hollow back. Some slouch forward, others backward. Others' heads jut forward from the neck, and still others let their abdomens protrude.

With exercise and concentration all can be corrected. The drill is to lift your head out of the shoulders, your shoulders out of the waist, your waist out of the hips. Stand tall. Keep the chin up.

Those are just two of the seven points of beauty, nearly every one of which, taken alone and developed to the utmost, can make a woman truly charming with a little assistance from the remainder.

Blue Grass Christmas Fantasy

The incomparable fragrance of Elizabeth Arden's famous Blue Grass Perfume is available in this sequence of Christmas gifts, offering invaluable inspiration to those who select their gifts with pride and thoughtfulness.

1—Blue Grass Perfume in delightful hand-blown figurine bottle from Paris with a miniature Blue Grass Horse inside . . . 37/6.

2—Gift-for-You Box containing Blue Grass Dusting Powder, in new round box with large puff, and Blue Grass Flower Mist . . . 24/11.

3—Blue Grass Perfume in Paris bottle with blue crystal top. Luxurious presentation boxes. 2 sizes . . . 142/- and 81/3.

4—Fine Bath Salts. Handsome jar with polished wood stopper. Perfumes of Blue Grass and Rose Geranium . . 28/10.

5—Gift-for-You Box containing Blue Grass Dusting Powder in oval box and Blue Grass Eau-de-Cologne . . . 23/6

6—Blue Grass Flower Mist. Christmas cellophane wrapped. Also in five other delightful perfumes . . . 10/8.

Elizabeth Arden

LONDON • NEW YORK • PARIS • SYDNEY

FROM YOUR LOCAL ELIZABETH ARDEN AGENT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785135

Sentimental gifts with a practical future....

GIFTS FOR THE KITCHEN

1. BREAKFAST COOKER: Bakes, boils, grills, fries, roasts, toasts. £11/7/6 **2.** TOASTER: Toasts quickly, long life element, from 50/-. **3.** KETTLE: Boils water for 4 cups of tea in 3 minutes, 95/-. **4.** TABLE GRILLER: Grills, fries, toasts, 3-heat control, £6/17/6. **5.** JUG: Quick boiling, safety lid, 42/6. **6.** LM36 RANGE: Modern design, Calrod elements, £51/10/-; others from £37/1/6. **7.** CD3 REFRIGERATOR: For flats or small homes, 3 cub. ft., £98/5/-. **8.** CD5 REFRIGERATOR: Luxurious new model, approx. 5 cub. ft., £129/10/-.

GIFTS FOR THE LAUNDRY

9. CP WASHER: British made, gentle, thorough washing action, £93/10/-. **10.** A7PY WASHER: Australian made, capacity 7 lbs. dry clothes, £69. **11.** IRON: Famous Hotpoint Moderne, 20% larger soleplate, 51/-; others from 42/6. **12.** FLATPLATE IRONER: Fast, effortless ironing. British made, £27/1/-.

GIFTS FOR RADIO ENTERTAINMENT

13. RADIOGRAM COMBINATION: Magnificent appearance, excellent reproduction, £159/15/-. **14.** CONSOLES: Available in 5 or 6 valve models for A.C. Battery or Vibrator operation, from £47/10/-. **15.** STANDARD PORTABLE: Dual-purpose, operates on A.C. or batteries, 4 valve, medium wave. **16.** MANTEL: One of a range of models, from £17/17/-.

GIFTS FOR EASIER LIVING

17. STORAGE WATER HEATER: Hot water for bath, shower, basin, sink and laundry, from £29/13/3. **18.** BATH, SHOWER WATER HEATER: Instant, unlimited flow of hot water, from £10/5/6. **19.** 2-BRUSH FLOOR POLISHER: Scrubs, polishes any floor surface, £21. **20.** 3-BRUSH FLOOR POLISHER: For larger areas, easily handled, £28/12/6. **21.** 500 VACUUM CLEANER: 3 cleaning actions — tapping, combing, suction — £18/18/-, plus attachments. **22.** B5 VACUUM CLEANER: Quiet, efficient operation, full range of attachments, £21.

AGE

Hotpoint

gifts that last a lifetime!

OBTAINABLE FROM YOUR LOCAL HOTPOINT RETAILER

AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC
PROPRIETARY LIMITED

SYDNEY • NEWCASTLE • LISMORE • MELBOURNE • BRISBANE • ROCKHAMPTON • TOWNSVILLE • ADELAIDE • HOBART • LAUNCESTON • AGENT IN W.A.: ATKINS (W.A.) LTD.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785136

Christmas

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

HERE are some interesting and unusual recipes for your use during the festive season.

Almond snowballs are simply delicious; easy to make, too.

ALMOND SNOWBALLS

(Add these to your Christmas sweets—they're delicious.)

Half-pound stale plain cake (not sponge), 1 tablespoon apricot jam, 1 tablespoon water, 3 teaspoons lemon juice (or half orange and half lemon), ½ teaspoon almond essence, chocolate icing, coconut.

Rub cake into fine crumbs. Bring jam, water, and fruit juice to simmering point. Pour over crumbs, add essence. Mix well, mould into balls about the size of a large marble. Stand aside to become quite firm. Coat with thin chocolate icing, roll in coconut. Leave until firm.

CHOCOLATE DATE LOG

(Good for picnics, suppers, etc.)

Two ounces margarine or butter, 3oz. sugar, 1 large egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, ¼ cup milk, ½ cup chopped dates, 3 dessertspoons cocoa blended with ¼ cup boiling water.

Cream margarine or butter, gradually add sugar. Add egg, then dates, beat well Sift flour, fold into mixture alternately with milk. Lastly fold in blended cocoa. Fill into greased loaf-tin or bar-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, top with chocolate butter icing and decorate with whole dates.

CHICKEN AND PINEAPPLE IN GINGER SOYA SAUCE

(A dish to keep for special occasions.)

One 4lb. boiled fowl, 1-3rd cup soya sauce, 2 tablespoons cooking oil or margarine, ¼ clove garlic (finely chopped), 1 dessertspoon ground ginger (or more or less according to taste), 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons diced, parboiled green pepper, 1½ cups cooked, cubed pineapple or tinned pineapple, 1 cup syrup from pineapple, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 cups water, chopped parsley.

Remove flesh from bones of fowl, cut into cubes. Combine soya sauce, oil or melted margarine, garlic, ginger, sugar, salt, and green pepper. Add cubed meat, cook until golden-brown in deep frying-pan, approximately 15 minutes. Add pineapple juice and 1½ cups water. Simmer until meat is tender. Thicken with flour blended to smooth paste with remaining ½ cup water. Simmer and stir 5 minutes, add pineapple, cook further 5 minutes. Serve hot garnished with chopped parsley.

Continued on page 54

Yuletide gift for every home

YOUR Christmas dinner table can look as exciting and tempting as the one pictured on this page.

Detailed methods for preparing the dishes illustrated are given in the new Australian Women's Weekly cookery book, "Family Dinners," which is now on sale at your newsagent or bookstall. Price, 2/-.

In addition to the Christmas menu and recipes for all kinds of festive fare:

- Fifty prize-winning menus with recipes from our recent £3000 Cookery Contest for households of two, four, six.
- How to get the best from vegetables with variations in service.
- Unusual, interesting, and appetising recipes for fish dishes, omelets, cookies, supper savories, chocolate cakes, chiffon pies, and home-made sweets.
- Kitchen hints and points on measuring oven temperatures, making of good coffee, outdoor cookery.

Cakes, Scones and Pastries are sure to be delicious when you use AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785137

The Smiths are a "meal conscious" family

AND THEY ALL LIKE

*Swift

LUNCHEON BEEF

Satisfying, easy-to-serve SWIFT Luncheon Beef dishes are always so tasty and nourishing. "Meal conscious" families everywhere applaud SWIFT Luncheon Beef; hot or cold, it's a favourite in every home.

Swift is their favourite CHEESE also

GROCER SAM says: Swift products are ALWAYS good

Now BETTER THAN EVER

— the whitest white that positively won't rub off

Fine pre-war ingredients are once again being used for Nugget White Cleaner—making it better-than-ever, the whitest white of all—the white that won't rub off.

NUGGET

WHITE CLEANER

The Whitest White for all White Shoes & Canvas Goods

IN JARS & EXTRA LARGE TUBES AT SHOE SHOPS, STORES, EVERYWHERE

CHOCOLATE CREAM PIE illustrates one of the four flavor variations of Havana cream pie, which wins first prize of £5 in this week's contest. Meringue topping may be flavored with 2 drops peppermint essence.

Readers' prize recipes

LUSCIOUS cream pie with four flavor variations wins first prize of £5 this week.

A soft, sponge-textured pie, to be served with whipped cream or substitute, can be made in any of the flavors by folding the meringue into the hot cream mixture before filling into pastry-case. Decorate with cream or substitute.

Appetising and unusual recipes for a main dinner dish of pork chops with barbecue sauce and a wholesome malted marmalade loaf win consolation prizes this week.

All spoon meausrements refer to level spoons, and readers are reminded to give level-spoon measurements in their entries in this weekly contest

HAVANA CREAM PIE

One cooked 8in. biscuit pastry-case, ¾ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons margarine or butter, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence.

Mix together ½ cup of the sugar, cornflour, and salt. Gradually stir in milk. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture boils and thickens, simmer 1 minute. Gradually add beaten egg-yolks, stir, and cook further 2 minutes. Add margarine or butter and vanilla, beat until very smooth, cool slightly. Pour into baked and cooled pastry-case, allow to cool. Beat egg-whites until stiff and frothy, gradually add remaining ¼ cup sugar. Pile on to cold tart, return to moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) until lightly browned.

VARIATIONS

Coconut Cream Pie: Stir ½ cup desiccated coconut into cream filling, cover with meringue, and top with ¼ cup shredded or desiccated coconut.

Chocolate Cream Pie: Add 6 squares chocolate roughly chopped (from ¼lb. block) to milk and heat until chocolate is melted. Cool before adding to sugar and cornflour. Top with extra chopped chocolate.

Butterscotch Cream Pie: Substitute ½ cup brown sugar for ½ cup white sugar used in cream filling and increase margarine or butter to 2½ tablespoons.

Strawberry Cream Pie: Cover cream filling with halved strawberries before adding meringue. Serve decorated with whole strawberries.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. Van Lasry, P.O. Box 53, Healesville, Vic.

PORK CHOPS WITH BARBECUE SAUCE

Four to six pork chops, 3 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, 4 Granny Smith apples, 2-3rd cup raisins, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon brown sugar.

Barbecue Sauce: Four tablespoons finely minced onion, 1 cup tomato puree, ¾ cup water, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 dessertspoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, pinch ground cloves.

Wipe chops with damp cloth, coat with seasoned flour. Grease bottom of large pan—place chops in, brown on both sides. Pour 1 tablespoon sauce over each chop, cover, cook gently 10 minutes. Turn chops, pour another tablespoon sauce over each, cover, and cook slowly until tender, 35 to 40 minutes. Prepare apples, wash, dry, remove cores. Stuff centres firmly with raisins. Cut each in halves crosswise. Place close together in lidded pan—baste with little barbecue sauce and spread with mixture of margarine or butter and brown sugar creamed together. Cover, and cook in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 30 to 35 minutes or until tender.

Barbecue Sauce: Combine all ingredients, mix well. Bring to boiling point, cover, simmer 15 minutes.

Serve chops piping hot with balance of sauce and apples. Garnish with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Johnson, 4A Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

MALTED MARMALADE LOAF

Three cups self-raising flour, ¾ cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons melted margarine or butter, 4 tablespoons marmalade, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 tablespoon malted milk, 1½ cups mixed fruit, pinch salt, 2-3rd cup milk.

Sift flour, spice, salt, and malted milk. Add fruit and sugar. Beat egg, add marmalade, melted butter or margarine, and milk. Fold into dry ingredients, making soft mixture. Fill into greased loaf-tins or fruit-roll tins. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 45 to 50 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, serve in slices with butter.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Santolin, P.O., El Arish, North Qld.

CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 53

PEPPERMINT SPANISH CREAM WITH CHOCOLATE SAUCE

(A festive sweet for festive days.)

One tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 1½ cups milk, 3 eggs, 1-3rd cup sugar, peppermint essence or oil of peppermint to flavor.

Soften gelatine in cold water, add warmed milk, stir until gelatine is partly dissolved. Stir in egg-yolks beaten with sugar, cook over boiling water until sugar and gelatine are quite dissolved. Cool until beginning to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and flavor with peppermint. Turn into wetted mould, chill until firm. Unmould and serve with cold chocolate sauce.

Chocolate Sauce: Blend 2 tablespoons cocoa to a smooth paste with ¼ cup water. Add ½ cup milk and 1 cup sugar. Bring slowly to boiling point, simmer 5 minutes. Beat in 1 tablespoon condensed milk and 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter. Simmer 1 or 2 minutes longer. Stir occasionally while cooling to keep smooth.

INECTO

HAIR COLOURING

in 30 minutes restores your hair to its natural shade

INECTO

HAIR COLOURING

Consult your Hairdresser or Chemist

Camilatone

with the S.R.S. Beauty Treatment

For Lovelier Hair Individually Yours

Shampoo

First step is your individual colour Camilatone Shampoo. Vitamin-charged, Camilatone cleanses and invigorates both hair and scalp without harsh drying action.

Rinse

with the Tonrinz hair-colour rinse supplied in every packet of Camilatone. Tonrinz brings light and life to your hair and by subtly defining its natural colour gives enhanced hair loveliness. Extra packets of Tonrinz in your individual shade also available.

Set

with Lustrset—day-long loveliness for your hair with this beautifier and setting cream. Lustrset leaves a silkier sheen, makes brilliantine unnecessary.

Camilatone

Individual Hair Treatment For Lovelier Hair At Chemists, Stores, Ladies' Hairdressers.

SOOTHES AND HEALS

CHILDREN'S SORES

Keep DOAN'S OINTMENT handy in the house for safe, prompt treatment of children's sores. DOAN'S OINTMENT soothes as it heals and has special antiseptic ingredients for combating infection. Used successfully for over 40 years.

At Chemists & Stores all over the world.

Sole Proprietors: Foster McClellan Co. Buffalo, New York. London, Sydney DO277

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785138

One of Golden Ray's fascinating slumber gowns with quaint gathered top. The Loomlace waist has tie-ends, the skirt falls in classic folds. All sizes, pink, blue and white. No. 1575 . . . 39/11.

Lovely Golden Ray Slip with clever bra-top. All sizes; pink, blue, white. No. 1474 . . . 18/1. Elastic-top pantettes also in new, light, shimmering Golden Ray fabric. All sizes: No. 1274 . . . 10/5.

Slenderised Golden Ray Nylons with Pyramid Heels. No. 479 Super Sheer 13/- pair. Also No. 460, 3-thread pure silk sheer, 11/- pair. No. 485, 6-thread pure silk, 11/3 pair. No. 440, Golden Ray's famous service stocking in silk and rayon, 8/- pair.

SEVEN NEW SHADES:
Summer Blonde
Elegant Amber
Honey Dream
Frosted Mocha
Moonlight Grey
Nightfall
Twilight Joy

Golden Ray

Golden Ray . . . the very name suggests beauty. The exquisite beauty of lingerie faultlessly tailored from a miracle fabric . . . and of cleverly slenderised hose in sheerest nylon or the rich shimmer of silk. All this alluring witchery, in colours, sizes and prices for every woman. Ask at your favourite store, tomorrow, for Golden Ray Tailored Lingerie and Golden Ray Slenderised Hosiery too.

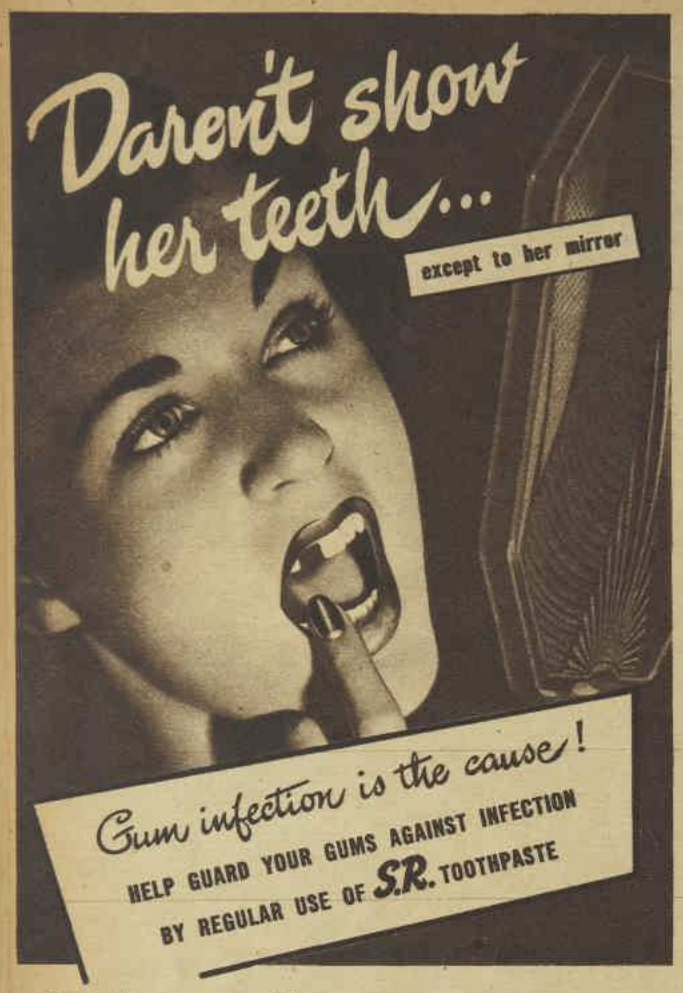
NOTHING NICER...

next to you!

GRL-53

GOLDEN RAY Tailored Lingerie and Slenderised Hosiery are Products of AUSTRALIAN KNITTING MILLS LTD

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5790239



Even the strongest, whitest teeth can be *lost* through gum infection — help *guard* your gums by sensible care with S.R. Toothpaste. Unhealthy gums may lead to extraction after extraction — don't wait until infection sets in. With S.R., keep your teeth sound and sparkling in firm, healthy gums. Clean your teeth with S.R. — to keep them dazzling white—brush and massage your gums with S.R. to look after *their* well-being, too.

S.R. Toothpaste contains Sodium Ricinoleate, often used in the treatment of inflamed, bleeding gums and gum rot.

S.R. TOOTHPASTE

HELP SAVE TEETH WITH THE NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE

SR.41.102WWg

Gripu TROUSERS

...cost no more, but they're 7 ways better

1. The ORIGINAL self-supporting trouser.
2. Featuring the LATEST patent concealed side adjustment.
3. No buttons, no braces, no fiddling side straps.
4. Featuring "style-in-movement" cut.
5. Concealed encircling elastic waist grip.
6. Popular shades woven in two-fold yarn guarantees lasting smartness and longer life.
7. Available at your favourite store.

"No waist effort"

WORN BY AUSTRALIAN TEST TEAM SINCE 1930

SECTION of kitchen (shown right) shows new refrigerator-freezer, well-planned cupboard and storage space, and wide windows gaily curtained over the sink assembly. This includes a "waste-away" that electrically disposes of garbage. A similarly self-contained range and serving centre (not shown) is located to preserve a logical flow of work in meal-getting.

Workshops de luxe

AMERICANS never let up on kitchen design; they are forever making improvements and inventing new labor-saving devices.

Now they are spreading their wings, so to speak, and are making a feature of the laundry—in conjunction with the kitchen—and concentrating on what is called a many-purpose utility room.

The cleverly planned work-centres pictured on these pages were recently displayed by the Westinghouse Electrical Corporation at the Pittsburgh Better Homes Exposition, and incorporate all kinds of new ideas.

SUMMER KITCHEN to delight the hostess-housewife. This compact kitchen adjoins an open porch on the roof of a one-story home. A dumb-waiter brings supplies from the ground floor, while a table-top refrigerator, electric roaster, hot plate, and waste-away garbage disposer make the serving of food an easy task. The tiny rooftop kitchen can be closed off from the porch by sliding partitions if desired.

Cotton charm for teenagers

LEND gaiety to strapless or off-the-shoulder evening dresses by tying these crocheted flowers at throat and wrist.

The petals which form the cluster are quickly crocheted. Why not make a set for Christmas? . . . wear them yourself or give to a youthful friend.

Materials: 1 ball (20 gram.) Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 40 selected color; 1 ball contrasting color; piece of black velvet ribbon; Milward's steel crochet hook No. 4 (slack workers could use a No. 4½ hook and tight workers a No. 3½).

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; sl-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sp., space; st., stitch.

Solid Petal: With selected color, commence with 2 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 2 d.c. into d.c. of previous row, 1 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 2 d.c. into each d.c., 1 ch., turn.

4th Row: 2 d.c. into first d.c., 1 d.c. into each d.c., 2 d.c. into last d.c., 1 ch., turn.

Repeat 4th row once more.

6th Row: 1 d.c. into each d.c., 1 ch., turn.

Repeat 6th row 11 times more.

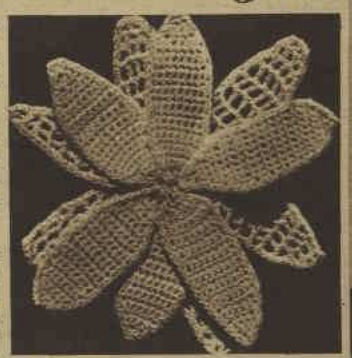
18th Row: Decrease 1 st. at beginning and end of row. (To decrease—insert hook into st. and pull loop through, insert hook into next st. and pull loop through, thread over, and pull through all loops on hook.)

19th Row: 1 d.c. into each d.c., 1 ch., turn.

20th Row: As 18th row.

21st Row: As 19th row.

22nd Row: Decrease twice, 1 ch., turn.



ABOVE is a close-up of these easy-to-crochet flowers . . . worn at throat and wrist, they give a fresh, crisp look to your party dress. Could be crocheted in stark white or softest pastels.

23rd Row: As 19th row.

24th Row: Decrease 1 st. Fasten off.

Join thread at base of petal and work a row of d.c. all round. Fasten off.

Make 5 more petals in same manner.

Lacy Petals: With selected color, commence with 5 ch.

1st Row: 1 tr. into 5th ch. from hook, 4 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 tr. into sp., 1 ch., 1 tr. into top of turning ch., 4 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 1 tr. into first sp., 1 ch., 1 tr. into next sp., 1 ch., 1 tr. into 3rd of turning ch., 4 ch., turn.

4th Row: 1 tr into first sp., (1 ch., 1 tr. into next sp.) twice, 1 ch., 1 tr. into 3rd of turning ch., 4 ch., turn.

5th Row: 1 tr. into first sp., (1 ch., 1 tr. into next sp.) 3 times, 1 ch., 1 tr. into 3rd of turning ch., 4 ch., turn.

6th Row: 1 tr. into first sp., (1 ch., 1 tr. into next sp.) 4 times, 4 ch., turn.

7th and 8th Rows: As 6th row, turning with 3 ch. instead of 4 ch.

9th Row: Miss first sp., 1 tr. into next sp., (1 ch., 1 tr. into next sp.) twice, 1 tr. into top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

10th Row: 1 tr. into next 1 ch. sp., 1 ch., 1 tr. into next sp., 1 tr. into top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

11th Row: 1 tr. into 1 ch. sp., 1 tr. into top of turning ch.

Fasten off. Join thread at base of petal and work a row of d.c. all round. Fasten off.

Make 5 more petals in same manner.

TO MAKE UP

Sew a solid and lacy petal alternately together at base. Make other 3 flower heads in same manner. Wash, starch, and iron, and sew on to pieces of ribbon (see illustration).

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5790240

THIS utility room, adjoining kitchen, was also shown at Pittsburgh Better Homes Exposition. Equipped for both laundry and home - freezing and canning work, the room contains an automatic washer, electric drier, ironer, water-heater, sink, and home - freezer. Cupboards and shelf space provide plenty of room for racking up finished pieces of laundry and storing materials.

TO-DAY'S laundry in a new role as seen from the kitchen: In addition to the breakfast table and ironer glimpsed in the background, there is an automatic washer and drier, with sorting counter and sink alongside installed against a third wall. An electric sewing machine occupies the fourth wall. Four fluorescent fixtures are installed in each corner of this multi-purpose laundry, bringing an almost daylight quality of illumination to each of the four corners of activity.

You and your baby

By SISTER MARY JACOB

THE 273-page parentcraft book, "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A., was published last year to help mothers and mothers-to-be, giving special attention to those mothers living in isolated parts of the outback, where advice cannot be sought from a nearby Baby Health Centre.

Orders for it continue to arrive, and Sister Mary Jacob has received hundreds of appreciative letters about it, even from such far-distant places as Eire, Japan, and Rhodesia.

"You and Your Baby" gives detailed practical advice on all aspects of mothercraft, including pre-natal and post-natal advice, early care, diet and management of toddlers, and would prove a very useful gift for all young mothers and expectant mothers.

A limited number of copies are still available, and can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, or at bookstalls in all capital cities.

"You and Your Baby" costs 7/6 plus 4½d. ordinary postage or 10½d. if registration is required.

SKIN BEAUTY—BRINGS ROMANCE!

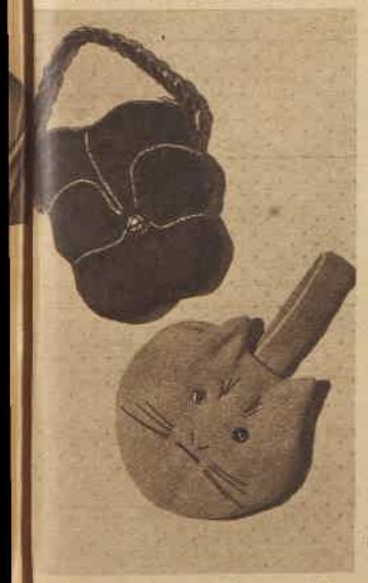
The basis of natural loveliness is skin health . . . achieve it quickly with soothing, mildly antiseptic, SOLYPTOL Soap . . . it's the first step to romance!

Solyptol Soap

KEEPS THE SKIN HEALTHY . . . .

"IF IT'S FAULDING'S—IT'S PURE"

Jiffy Christmas gifts for the little lady of fashion . . .



ANY little girl would be proud to go visiting with these pretty accessories made specially for her in her own particular size.

YOUNG tots just adore handbags, and here are two which can be whipped up in no time at all.

Scraps of velvet and lining material, wadding, and a 7in. zip make this novel pansy handbag.

Cut two circles of velvet 6½in. in diameter, two of wadding, and two of lining material, then cut the edges in curves to give the outline of a pansy.

Place wrong sides of velvet shapes to wadding and tack together. On the right side of one shape work chain-stitch to define petals, and in satin-stitch work a centre "eye." With right sides together stitch round sides and base, inserting zip at top of bag. Make lining to match bag, insert and hem to zip tape.

Cut three pieces 2in. by 15in. for handles, fold and stitch lengthways, turn out and then plait. Sew to base of zip each side of bag.

How to make the bag illustrated lower left:

Pussy can be ginger, white, or black according to the scraps of woollen material that you have. As well you need some lining material, a 7½in. circle of wadding and canvas, two buttons for eyes, and black thread for features.

From the material cut two circles 7½in. in diameter, and from one mark and cut out "ears." Tack wadding to the wrong side of this piece and on the right side mark features and sew on eyes. To the wrong side of the other 7½in. circle tack a matching piece of canvas, and then face the upper part of both circles with matching strips of material.

Place them right sides together and stitch round lower edge to make bag. Turn out and press.

For handle cut a piece of material 2½in. by 10in., fold lengthways with right sides together, and sew along one long edge. Turn out and join to bag at centre of head.

From lining material cut two circles 6in. in diameter, make up and slip-stitch into top of bag.

LIGHTHEARTED

Casuals by Gaynor

Gaynor

AUSTRALIA'S LOVELIEST SHOES

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785141

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785142

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 237—THREE D'OYLEYS

Traced ready to embroider, these three dainty d'oyleys, measuring 5 x 11in., are available in heavy cream linen, sheer linen in shades of maize, sky, pink, green, and light blue, also organdie in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Finish with a narrow lace edge (lace not supplied). Price: Linen, 1/- each, or set of three 2/9. Organdie, 9d. each, or set of three 2/-. Postage, 3½d. extra.

Nos. 238, 239—TWO SKIRTS

Cut out ready to sew, these attractively styled skirts will be so useful. They are available in a spun linen material in shades of white, rose, turquoise, light blue, light green, and yellow. Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 18/6 each. Regd. postage, 1/6 extra.

No. 240—SMOCK SUIT

Short sleeves and a peter-pan collar are features of this little smock suit. It is cut out ready to machine, and the material is a crepe-de-chine in blue and white, also a fine linen in lemon, white, green, pale blue, and sky-blue. Sizes: Length 16in., 6-12 mths., linen 17/11, crepe-de-chine 14/11. Regd. postage, 1/- extra. Length 17in., 1 yr., linen 18/11, crepe-de-chine 15/9. Regd. postage, 1/- extra. Length 18in., 2 yrs., linen 19/9, crepe-de-chine 17/6. Regd. postage, 1/3 extra.

No. 241—BOY'S SUN-SUIT

This tailored play-suit, in hardwearing cesarine, is cut out ready to sew, in shades of lemon, natural, grey, green, and blue. Sizes: Length 18in., 2yrs., 4/9. Postage, 5½d. extra. Length 20in., 4 yrs., 5/11. Postage, 5½d. extra. Length 23in. 6 yrs., 6/3. Postage, 6½d. extra.

● *When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 237, 238, 239, 240, and 241, please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted.*

● *TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 38.*

Fashion PATTERNS

F5808.—Matron's frock designed on slim, flattering lines. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 4¾yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5809.—Cool one-piece for summer days. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5810.—Little girl's dress and matching pants. Sizes 18, 20, and 23in. lengths for 2, 4, and 6 years. Requires 1⅞yds. 36in. material for dress, plus 1⅞yds. ⅜in. beading, 2yds. ⅜in. lace edging, and 1½yds. satin ribbon. For pants, ⅞yd. 36in. material and 1½yds. ⅜in. lace edging. Price, 1/11.

F5811.—Afternoon dress has skirt with new apron effect. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/4.

F5812.—Smart daytime dress with soft flattering bodice top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

PITY POOR POMPADOUR
How much more fortunate are modern women who, for Hairstyle Harmony, rely on

Kirby Beard
Regd. Trade Mark
HAIRPINS
Also Hairgrips, Safety Pins, Pins, Needles, etc.

Made in England by Kirby Beard & Co. Ltd., Birmingham 12, and available from your stores.

Learn **Commercial Art** at HOME

Would YOU like to take a Staff Position or open your own Commercial Art Studio and sell Sketches to Editors, Publishers, Advertisers, etc.? If you like Drawing, whatever your age, wherever you live, whether you have had little or no previous Training, STOTT'S can train you IN YOUR OWN HOME for this delightful and Lucrative Profession of Commercial Art.

Stott's Correspondence College

100 Russell St., Melb.; 149 Castlereagh St., Sydney; 290 Adelaide St., Brisbane; 71 Grenfell St., Adelaide. Post Coupon!

CUT HERE
To STOTT'S (Nearest Address).
Please send me free and without obligation your Prospectus of Courses in COMMERCIAL ART and Sketching.
MY NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
AWW 2442 ..... AGE .....

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from **Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy,** you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help much, because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by attacking cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or store.

Cystex The Guarantee protects you. **Now in 2 sizes: 4/-, 8/-.**

Guaranteed for **Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.**

Pimples Go

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away pimples. Use Nixoderm to-night and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth, and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Pimples, Boils, Red Blotches, Ringworm, and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day under the positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish pimples and clear your skin soft and smooth or money back on return of empty package.

Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-
For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785143

In the home ◦◦◦ in industry ◦◦◦ in national life ◦◦◦ in world relationships there is no more practical working philosophy for today than that contained in the time-mellowed Christmas message of "Peace on earth, good will toward men".

Prestige Limited

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785144